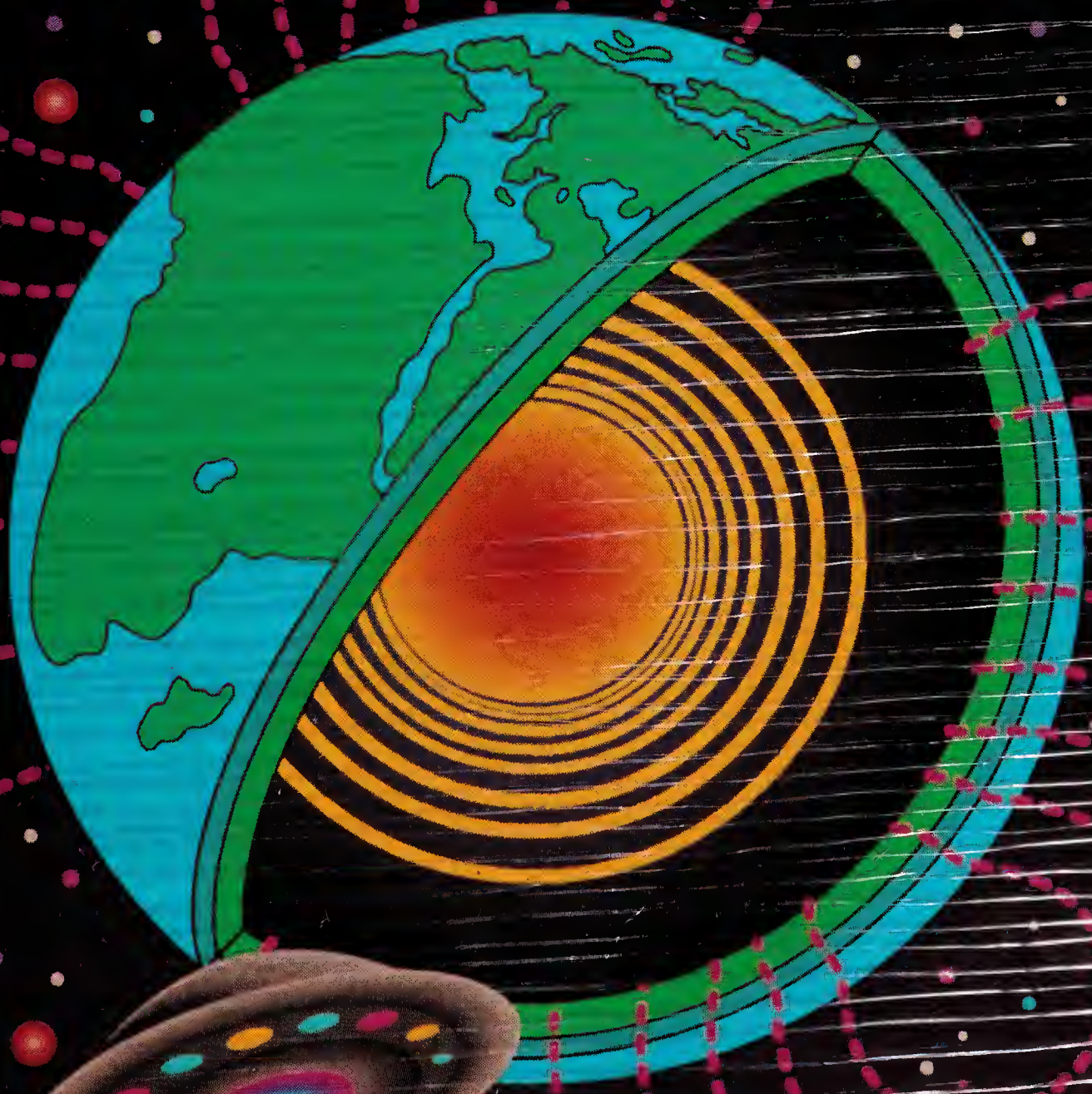
Subterranean worlds

Inside Earth



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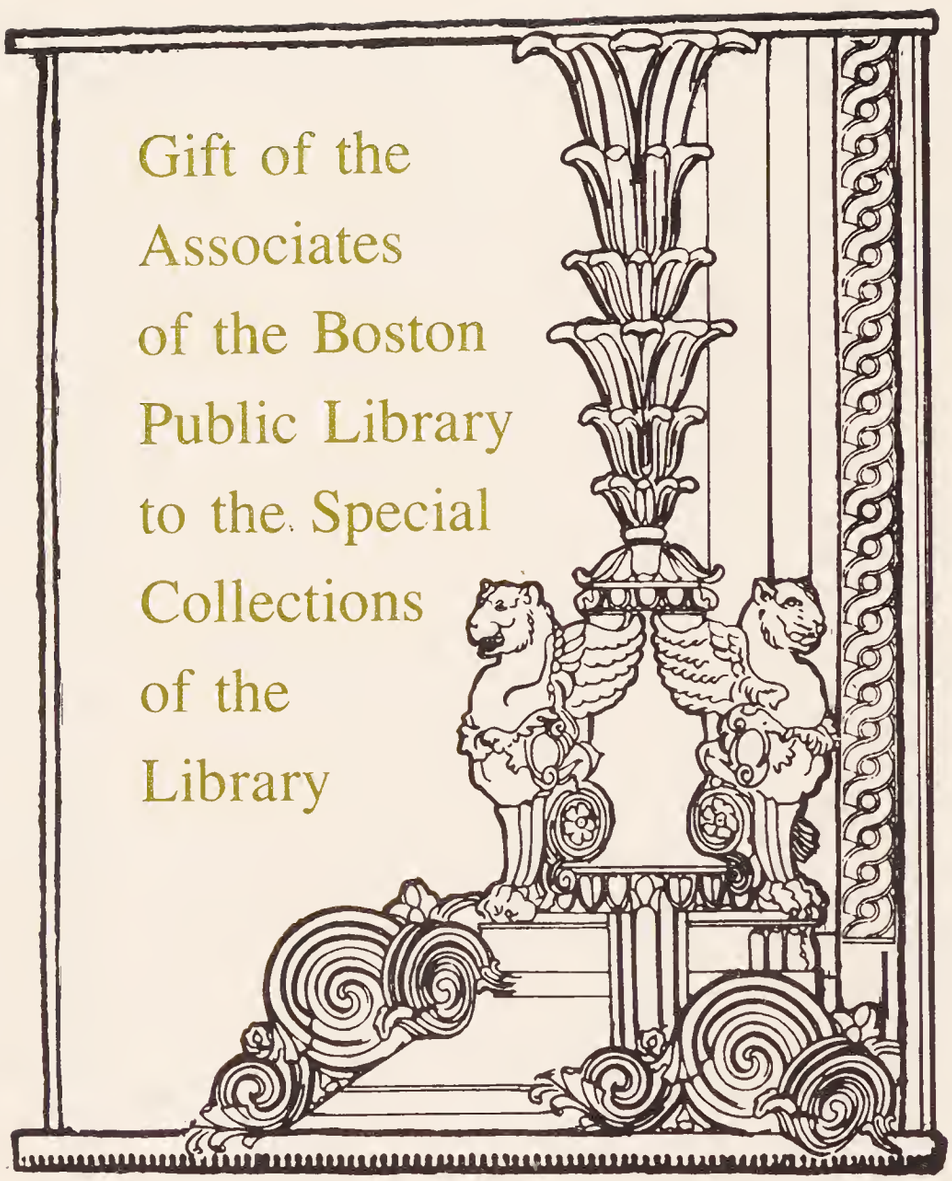

Timothy Green Beckley's

Subterranean Worlds Inside Earth

INNER LIGHT PUBLICATIONS

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TIMOTHY GREEN BECKLEY

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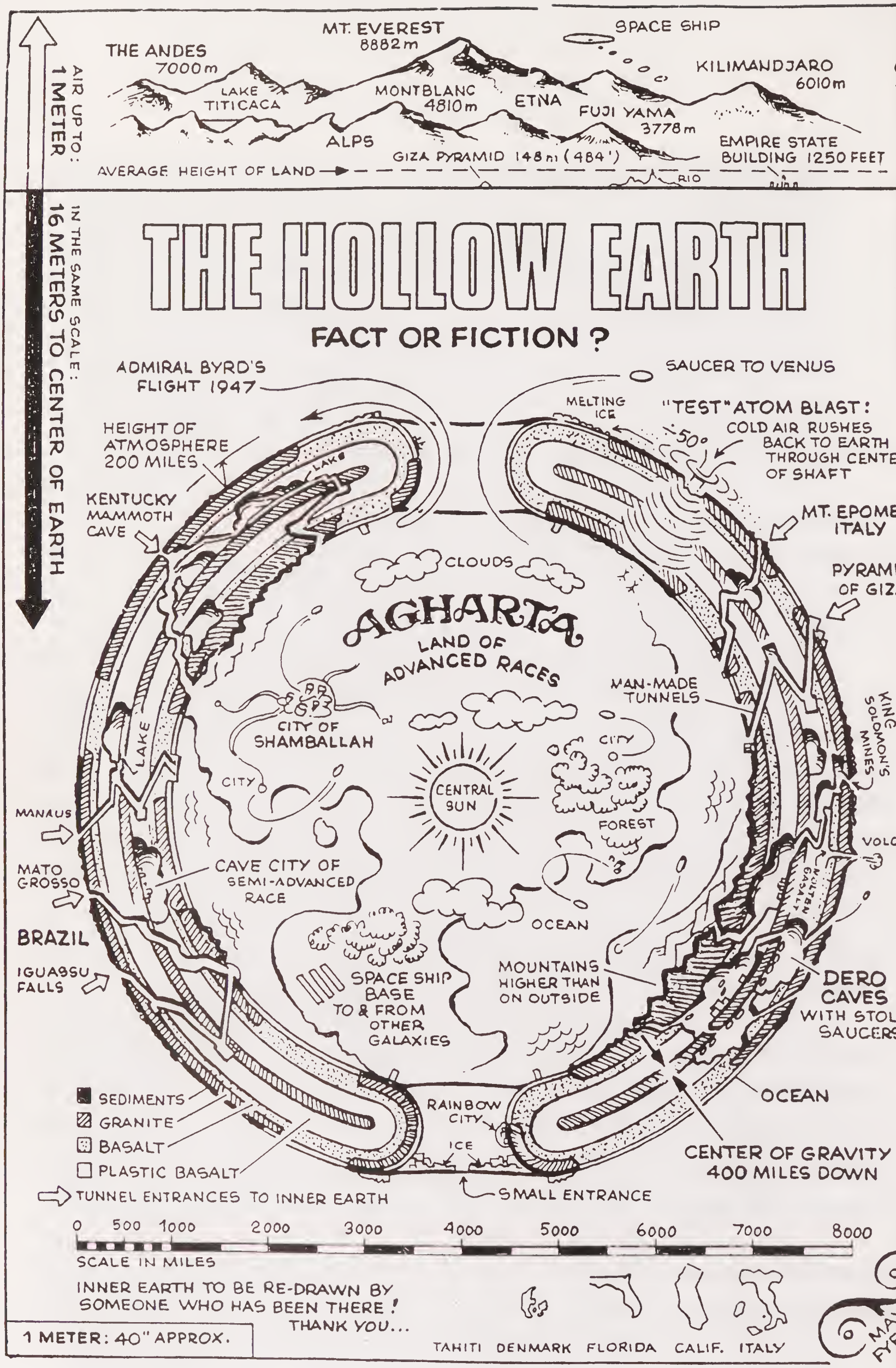


Danish artist Max Fyfield shows subsurface layers and the wide range of beings who inhabit the inner Earth.

Introduction—The Subterranean World—A Universal Tradition

In 1967, I set out to publish a collection of essays discussing the claims of Richard S. Shaver, the man who, with the help of publisher Ray Palmer, had not only evinced kudos and controversy but had brought the collective wrath of organized science fiction down upon the heads of these two gentlemen as well.

My interest in Shaver was perhaps in itself unusual—for my research had been centered almost exclusively upon the study of Unidentified Flying Objects (Flying Saucers). When remarking about this to other researchers, however, I was surprised to find that throughout UFOlogy (the study of UFOs) was a widespread interest in the Shaver Mystery, if only because it had been considered as one of the many theories to explain the origin and purposes of the Saucers.

Once I began putting this book together, I was again surprised at the direction Shaver had led me. I discovered that the interior of our world was, aside from Shaver's Dero and Tero, allegedly populated by a variety of other denizens, all discovered and created by as great a variety of writers and researchers.

Although many of these underworld ideas differed from Shaver, a common theory prevailed: there probably were as many people living BENEATH the earth as on its surface!

As my collection of material grew, I realized that this book should not just be a resume of the Shaver Mystery, but of the whole spectrum of legends and evidence about strange happenings beneath the sur-

face of the Earth. That original book became *The Shaver Mystery and The Inner Earth.*

That book was perhaps the best received of my early literary efforts. It led, as one might expect, to further research in this strange field. During the 25 years since that first "inner earth" book was published, I have had an opportunity to collect more ideas, from a variety of sources, and bring them together into a book which I believe better expresses the widespread belief in the divergent viewpoints about underground civilizations.

As I have taken these side excursions from my study of flying saucers, I have found out why I did so: *Theories about and interest in both the subterranean world and flying saucers are inextricably intermeshed.*

For example, Shaver believes that the saucers partly represent ancient "mech" left underground eons ago by a departing super-race, and partly by invading marauders from other solar systems here to plunder those ancient riches. On the other hand, the late Dr. Raymond Bernard believed the Saucers to be the conveyances of benevolent inner earth peoples, who were descendants of ancient Atlanteans and who welcome certain surface dwellers to come to their land and escape an atomic catastrophe.

The tradition of an atomic war which destroyed previous civilizations, either here or on other planets, also permeates the writings of the researchers herein published. For example, Riley Crabb discusses the destruction of an entire planet and the transplanting of its evil peoples to Earth's underground.

Throughout the chapters of this book, the reader will certainly encounter contradiction and conflict. Some of the writers picture Subterraneans as friendly and benevolent; others aver they relish human flesh and enjoy fouling up the affairs of surface man. Most of the writers describe the Inner Earth as a physical place; yet there is also the suggestion that the Underground may be either a state of the Astral mind or (to us) a non-physical state existing in another dimension.

I have also taken an updated some of the material that originally appeared in my first book on the Subterranean World, so it can be viewed in light of later findings.

To function most comfortably within the present system of sciences, we suspect that the inner earth protagonist would do better to embrace these alternate ideas. For scientific calculations express that,

based upon the weight of the earth, it certainly must be composed of a molten metallic core. Although our concepts of reality and our systems of explaining our natural existence change with the centuries, present science seems to work excellently as a system. It has electrified our homes, taken us to the moon, provided instant global communication, and created the hydrogen bomb.

Yet the believers in a physical subterranean world are not entirely put down by science. Doreal, for example, herein deals with the apparent weight of the earth by an alternate physical explanation. He agrees that there is a molten interior, but that it composes only the CRUST of the earth. Here and there are interruptions in this molten crust, and in these places exist the entrances to the underworld. At the earth's center, he avers, there exists a great sphere, composed of protons of such density that it is responsible for the apparent weight of the earth and the idea that it is composed of molten metal filling the entire globe.

Still, we think the non-materialists have the greater chance of winning the Inner Earth argument, if it can be won. The present trend in flying saucer research seems to be moving in that direction, if only as a result of the frustration of being unable to explain the objects in an interplanetary framework. Meade Layne, mentioned herein by Riley Crabb, was the first to bring the theory of non-material saucers into focus. He postulated that they were machines materialized into our plane by an invisible civilization, existing all around us, and occupying the same space as well, but on a different vibrational plane. When they chose to materialize they become solid objects within our frame of reference; at will, however, they could become amorphous and fade out of our world and materialize back into theirs.

John A. Keel has extended this idea in his *Operation Trojan Horse* (G.P. Putnam's Sons, 1970) though on a more "acceptable basis" to present science. He has injected the "mat and demat" (materialize and dematerialize) idea of Layne into the known electromagnetic spectrum and brought much more credibility and respectability to the theory.

But regardless of just who is right about the existence of the Subterranean World, our researches into this realm has convinced us that the basic idea is firm and will survive indefinitely—as it has for thousands of years, as the peoples of all lands and civilizations have evolved and preserved the tradition of underground races.

Chapter One
Our Paradise
Inside The Earth

Editor's Note: Just where will our inner earth research lead us? What is the purpose of a huge unexplored area which may exist inside our own planet? These are two important questions facing us.

Theodore Fitch, of Council Bluffs, Iowa, an evangelist with decades of experience, believes that our race began in the Garden of Eden, which was inside the earth, and that we will eventually be guided back to that land. There we will be free of a multitude of surface problems, such as disease, our aging process—we will live, once again, to be thousands of years old.

In Fitch's opinion, "The earth is only a shell, about 800 miles thick. The interior is empty space about 700 miles across. There are two great openings where the poles should be. The openings are about 1,400 miles across and about 4,200 miles in circumference."

We will now quote from several writings of Mr. Fitch on this topic:

• • •

Before the flood in Noah's day, the earth consisted of six-sevenths land and only one-seventh water (2 Esdras 6:42—Apocrypha). A canopy of frozen water existed above the atmosphere and the entire world enjoyed an even, cool temperature (Gen. 1:7). Tropical plants, trees, animals and birds were just as plentiful at the north and south poles as at the equator.

The word "Eden" means a delightful region or abode; that is, paradise. As you know, the Garden of Eden was in the eastern part of Eden (Gen. 2:8). I will try to prove that the land of Eden (paradise) was the

of choice nard (perfume) and the cinnamon and pepper."

Enoch Saw a Vision of The Garden of Eden

He said, "I went over the summit of (certain) mountains...and came to the Garden of Righteousness (that is, to the original Garden of Eden). I saw, growing beyond those trees, many large trees of goodly fragrance and very beautiful and glorious.

"I saw...the tree of wisdom. That tree is like the fir in height, and its leaves are like those of the Carob tree. Its fruit is like the clusters of the vine and very beautiful. The fragrance of that tree penetrates afar."

The angel with him then said, "This is the tree of wisdom, of which thy father (Adam) and thy mother (Eve)...have eaten, and they learned wisdom, and their eyes were opened, and they knew they were naked, and they were driven out of the garden."

"I saw seven mountains, higher than all the mountains which are ON the earth...I saw seven rivers...larger than ALL others. Seven great islands I saw in the...great Sea."

Enoch tells about mammoth mountain ranges that excel any ranges on the exterior of the earth. He said that water gushing from the top of mountains cause waterfalls and clouds of spray or mist. He describes the beauty of the grass, flowers and the trees on the tops of high mountains. High mountains on the exterior are covered with snow.

Enoch said, "I went to the ends of the earth (near the poles no doubt) and I saw great beasts. Each one differed from the other. I saw birds, also differing in appearance and beauty and voice from the other ...and I saw the ends of the earth...and the portals of heaven open." He probably saw the great openings in the earth from inside looking out.

Enoch said, "The fourth quarter (of the interior) named the north, is divided into three parts. The first of them is for the dwelling of men. The second contains seas of water, the abysses and forests and rivers... and the third part contains the garden of Righteousness."

The Water Canopy Above The Earth Fell

The Bible tells us very plainly that there was a great ring of water, or ice canopy, all around the earth ABOVE the atmosphere. Note:

"And God made the firmament (air or atmosphere) and divided the waters (on earth) under the firmament from the waters (of the ice ring or canopy) which was above the firmament (atmosphere). And

God called the firmament Heaven...and God called the dry land Earth" (Gen. 1:7–8).

Before the flood the whole world was like a mammoth glass green-house. Grains, fruits and all vegetation was 100% perfect, and people lived nearly 1000 years.

Job tells us that the sky was a beautiful blue at all times. There were no storms, cyclones, tidal waves or clouds. For 1,650 years it never rained: "A mist went up and watered the face of the ground" (Gen. 2:6). When the ice canopy melted and fell, the first rainbow appeared (Gen. 9:13). Before the flood, the light from the sun was even and perfect, and the climate was cool; the same temperature existed over all the earth.

At that time, only one-seventh of the earth was covered with water. Today 75% of the earth's surface is covered with water. The flood raised the sea level about three miles. Our present land surface is only about 55 million square miles. When the ice canopy is restored to its original position, there will be more sea (Rev. 21:1). The new earth will be three miles below the present sea level. Then we will have over 200 million square miles of dry land on the exterior of the earth.

The Flood Did Not Flow Inside The Earth

Question: Did the water of Noah's flood flow into the paradise inside the earth? No. There are no oceans in Eden. Flood waters could NOT flow inside the earth because they froze as they fell. When the protecting canopy of water fell, the earth suddenly became subject to extreme heat and terrific cold. At the equator it became hot. Around the openings in the earth at the north and south it became cold, probably about 50 degrees below zero. The flood waters froze to a depth of about three miles all around the openings in the north and in the south.

Referring to these very flood waters, our Lord said, "I set bars and doors (to the paradise inside the earth). And I said, 'Here shall thou come, but no further: and here shall thy proud waves be stayed' " (Jb. 3 8:10). "He gave to the sea His decree, that the waters should not pass" (Pr. 8:29, Psalms 104:9).

Another ring of ice: Around the curve, inside the earth, there is another ring of ice. It is called the great massive fresh water ice pack, or ice barrier. Each winter, this ring of ice is formed from fresh water—water flowing from inside the earth toward the outside. During the winter months, billions of tons of free flowing fresh water freezes at the

mouths of the rivers. THIS causes mountains of ice. In the summer huge icebergs, miles long, break off and float to the outside of the earth.

Mammoths and other huge tropical mammals have been found. At the time of the flood these animals were frozen so suddenly that they still have green grass in their mouths and stomachs. Tropical birds loaded with fruit have been found. Siberia and islands of the north have great ivory deposits from huge mammals that lived before the flood. Someday after the oceans have been siphoned up over the atmosphere, the ice cap, the ice pack, and the ice barrier will melt and vanish. No doubt a man could walk from your city to the paradise of Eden inside the earth.

Eskimos Not of The Adam Race

With no exception, all who write about the interior of the earth believe that there is a race of men down there. One writer says that the people inside the earth are akin to the Eskimos. One explorer declares that those known as the Arctic Highlanders DID come from the interior. Another believes that the people inside the earth are an entirely different race than the Eskimos in the Arctic Circle.

No one knows for sure where the small, pale brown Eskimos came from. One thing is certain: they did NOT come from the Adamic race. When asked where their fathers came from, they point to the north. Some Eskimos tell of a fairy land; that is, a land of paradise and great beauty. They claim that there is a long, long history behind them.

Eskimo legends tell of a beautiful majestic land of perpetual light; that is, neither gloom where there is no night or bright sun. They tell of a mild climate where large lakes never freeze, where tropical animals roam in herds,where birds of many colors cloud the sky; a land of perpetual youth where the people live in happiness and never die.

A story is told of a British king called Herla. The Skraelings (Eskimos) took him to a land of paradise beneath the earth. The Irish have a legend about the lovely land beyond the north where there is continuous light and summer weather.

Chapter Two
The Shaver Mystery

You can hardly discuss the evidence about the Subterranean World without discussing the Shaver Mystery.

The Shaver Mystery had its somewhat modest beginning without a great deal of fanfare in an otherwise obscure pulp science fiction magazine known as *Amazing Stories*, back in December, 1943.

Through this medium, Richard Shaver, a spot welder, claimed that he could hear voices and see visual projections of people who existed far beneath the surface of the planet we call Earth. Their secrets were hidden from surface people by the highest cloak of secrecy that has ever been known.

He was told that when the earth was still very young it had been visited by a race of beings who originated from another solar system. He called this race the Elder Gods, who with their advances in science, had discovered the secret of living to be hundreds of years old. Because of their many marvelous inventions they were regarded as "Gods" by the early humans that existed on Earth.

These everlasting, solid state, mechanical devices, included what Shaver termed "mech." With these machines they could scan the surface, picking up scenes from all over the planet—or televise over great distances. They could project both thought and three dimensional images; kill and destroy at will by simply flicking switches; extract thoughts from another person's mind, or implant thought into it. They were able to stimulate any emotion and cure various diseases. They also had "mech" which could be used to make clothing, food and other articles which were in frequent demand.

After a rather brief period of time, as time in the history of our earth goes, the nature of our sun began to change. At first its radiations

had been beneficial. Then it started throwing off radioactive particles which polluted the air breathed into the lungs, and accumulated in food and water, causing a shortening of their life-span by increasing the aging process and causing other ill effects.

In an attempt to escape this catastrophe the Elder Race bored underground; hollowing out artificially, or modifying already existing natural caverns, with a device similar to our modern-day laser beam.

Here they proceeded to build large cities with tunnels connecting them some four to 20 miles beneath the surface.

When it became apparent that their underground exile was not practical, the Elders decided it would be best to search for a more suitable home on another planet. One such place was discovered in a remote star system. Due to the vast distance of travel and the limited transport available, they were not able to take all their "mech" with them. Thus Shaver says that this equipment still exists today, hidden hundreds of feet below the surface. Upon departing, one group of Elders wished to make these devices available to surface dwellers, but others considered this totally unwise since, for the most part, the surface beings were unskilled and unable to use them properly. So after a bitter argument, it was decided to keep the "mech" sealed off far underground in fast caverns out of reach of the surface dwellers.

Also, because of the growing population problem and the lack of spaceships, and the time to construct more, the Elders were unable to take all of their own kind with them. Those who were left behind began to deteriorate from the radioactivity of the sun. Over a period of centuries, because of this radioactivity, and the unskilled use of the "mech," a large percentage of the brains of those remaining produced a form of hereditary insanity.

This group of insane cavern dwellers, which Shaver called "deros" for short (a contraction of the words "degenerate robots"), are completely devoid of any normal sense of human instinct, having degenerated into midget-like idiots incapable of constructive reasoning, because of radioactives called "de" which defiles all positive thinking and by reversing its polarity produces backward thinking.

With their tamper and destructive rays, they attempt to create as much havoc among the surface dwellers as possible. They create solid illusions, dreams (caused by dream mech) of terror, hypnotic compulsions which account for the strange urge to murder often reported by mad killers. They also secretly foster wars, crime and disasters of

many types.

Fortunately some of their activity is kept in check by a subsurface race called "teros" (short for integrative or constructive). They are also descendants of the Elder Gods, but because of having bored further inside the earth, were able to preserve most of their sanity. Although many of them also took on ghastly forms over the years, because of cross-breeding, others are so normal looking that they can, and often do, come to the surface. However they are forced to maintain secrecy, even in their private thoughts which otherwise can be read by a dero with a telaug (thought reading mech) if not carefully shielded. If discovered, death is almost certain, for the obsession that the caves must be kept secret is very great among the dero.

To help counteract these murdering ray guardians of the secret, the tero have set up ray installations of their own (usually under large cities) to bring instant annihilation of a dero who mans a deadly ray and fires it—by the simple process of an automatic "rebound" principle, in which the fired ray is turned back along its ion track to destroy the weapon from which it came; or by imposing another death-dealing ray upon the ion track, and thus provide an instant retaliation.

This last, of course, does not help the person originally fired upon, but his murderer dies within seconds after his act. Thus, no dero ever fires such a weapon unless he knows the watch-ray (as they are called) are lax, or asleep, or out of commission in some way. Readers are likely quite familiar with reports of persons burned to ashes in their beds, yet the sheets were not even scorched. Shaver says that these persons received a bolt from the caves.

Shaver further contends that all too frequently, surface dwellers are kidnapped and forced to indulge in sadistic orgies that often last for days on end. They are constantly rejuvenated sexually with the use of "stim machines" in which the deros sometimes spend their entire lives in a sexual debauch that actually deforms their bodies in horrible ways almost beyond total recognition. Details of some of these horrors have filtered back to the surface and are said to be the foundation for the Biblical devil, hell and underground legends of the ancient races.

Perhaps the largest single group existing today in the caves are known as the gangster groups. These are made up of former surface dwellers who found their way into the caverns by various means. They, unlike the dero, do not kill merely for insane pleasure but themselves recognize no moral laws and will unhesitatingly kill whenever it serves

their purpose.

This group is in active and frequent contact with both criminals and corrupt politicians on the surface (thus the term "underworld" originated for the criminal syndicates—says Shaver) who take part in commercial exchange which benefit both sides.

Goods made with slave labor in large underground factories can thus be sold through agents on the surface. In exchange, needed items are sent below. According to Shaver, you'd be surprised how many of our cars are being driven beneath the earth. Truck loads of supplies go into wide doors of an innocent looking warehouse in the center of a large city and never come out again. Elevators to sub-basements exist in many major cities going down to the caverns.

The late Long John Nebel, the popular radio talk show host, whose career spanned the 1950s to the 1970s, used to tell the story of the *Life* magazine photographer who descended to the caverns by means of an otherwise ordinary looking elevator in a famous New York City hotel. These results were obtained by first pushing the B button (for basement)—making certain that there was no one else in the elevator of course—and after getting to the lower level of the hotel, pushing the same button twice.

This step would lower the car for some distance sideways, where it would soon drop into another shaft which lead to a tero settlement.

There are additional isolated groups throughout the world who seldom make contact with surface dwellers. In the Peruvian Andes they are called "Muquis"; in Germany, "Kobolds"; in the Malayan tin mines, "Chong Fus"; and in England, "Tommyknockers."

About the latter, an old poem recited by the miners goes as follows...

"...Mary! Was it the knockers I heard last night?"

"Yes; 'twas the knockers, down working upon the tin—no doubt of it."

In Brazil, many tunnels are said to lead to quite beautiful looking descendants of these early groups who apparently were not affected by the radioactivity pouring down on the earth by the sun.

They have been seen by natives quite frequently and their songs can be heard late at night in many of these regions without any difficulty. Apparently, however, they do not wish open contact with surface dwellers, except for brief exchanges of goods. These cases will be dealt with in some of the chapters that follow.

One of the first actual proofs Shaver offered to editor Ray Palmer back in the 1940s (he was then editor of *Amazing Stories*, but later on founded and edited *Search* and *Flying Saucers* magazines), and to readers was the "Shaver Alphabet," or "Mantong." Shaver claimed this alphabet was the original language used by the Elder Race. It was in the form of the same language we know as English today.

"Mantong," Shaver contended, could be used to discover the exact meaning of any word. Shaver believed that the older the language used, the better it would respond to analysis by "Mantong."

Enticed by this discovery, Palmer decided to run it in *Amazing*, a science fiction magazine, even though Shaver claimed it was all true.

The response from the readers was absolutely fantastic. In the days and weeks that followed, Ziff-Davis, then the publishers of *Amazing*, received more than 50,000 letters from their readers expressing total belief in what Shaver had said.

Many readers proceeded to tell of their own personal experiences. The circulation of this one-time obscure pulp magazine increased by more than 150,000 copies overnight. Unbelievable as it seemed, circulation stayed at this fantastic level until the Shaver Mystery was dropped several years later under a cloak of mystery. The publishers had made over half a million dollars out of Shaver's "over imaginative" stories. But during the run of the Mystery, some of the most puzzling and bizarre accounts ever told were put into print.

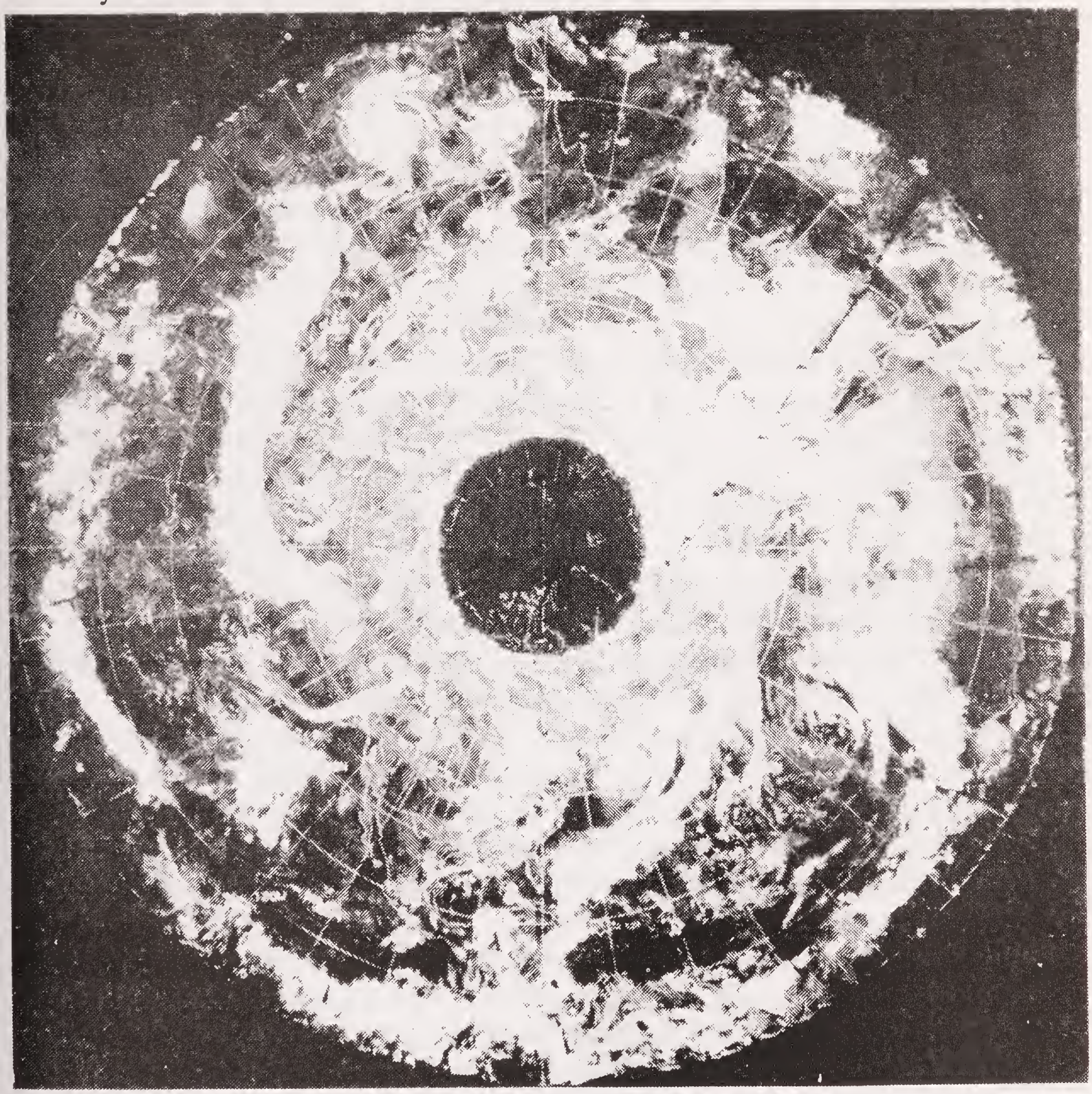
Stories centered around strange happenings in caves; unknown "voices" in the night; devil creatures; weird cremations and finally, Flying Saucers, filled the pages of *Amazing Stories*. For Shaver had predicted the appearance of the saucers some three years before Kenneth Arnold had his fateful encounter with the unknown in 1947. And Shaver had also written of their disk or saucer-like shapes!

And besides constantly being in communication with the subsurface races by telaug, Shaver had also met them face to face and has had years of dreams from the dream-makers and years of reading ancient tapes sent by the record-keepers. (Shaver describes a tape as being a thought record that is sent over the telaug beams unseen and unnoticed by anyone but the recipient.)

He has also heard the "voices" of the dero beamed at him and they have continually tortured him with painful and harmful rays to destroy his mental and physical capacity to continue his attack against the degenerated forces, which exist universally below the surface.

His has been a one-man struggle to warn mankind of this underground world, and he opened his complete files to this writer. We hope to present some striking evidence for the existence of much of what Dick Shaver says. After reading and analyzing the evidence that follows in this book, you can only come to agree that some sort of unexplainable phenomena must be taking place.

Shaver died after a brief illness in the mid-1970s. Palmer died a few years later. But their work lives on.



Taken from high above the Earth looking down, this rare photo released by NASA shows clearly the opening at the North Pole.

Chapter Three
Richard S. Shaver: My Story

Once I was just a person, as you probably are. Then one hot night I had a dream that changed my entire life. Let me tell you the dream and what it did to me.

The Dream

Under the kneed cypress trees the lilies sway softly; red are their faces, and their leaves...black. Their antlers protrude like the tongues of little snakes, darting quickly from side to side. The poisonous white pistil writhes in the shrouding mist. The heavy orchids lean their faces to be seen, their dangling roots white and vague like unseen thoughts that have yet to feel life. Their blooms are purple and gold with light pale stalks of green mottled with the swamp death. The black water ripples silently, heavily. Under the rings of ripples move the gaping mouths of great serpents, hungry for life to engulf. The acids of despair seem to distill slowly down the great stalks of starving plants.

Groping through the mist, her whitely gleaming flanks spatted with the green mud, her hair hanging like wild flames over her firm young breasts, comes Nydia! About her the vast and swaying silence of the swamp, the slow rustle that is the breath of the swamp, the touching of the pale leaves to her shrinking skin—all seemed too loud a thing ...weighted with fear, for such is flight.

No more would she preside over the hidden festivals of the Dark One. The time when she was looked up to as the receptacle of the lore of the Ancients was gone. Now the Dark One, whom she had served so long, was called a Devil and his servitors were hunted as Witches or Sorcerers.

Now I was no longer the living and poisonous mist of some

swamp caressing the muddy flanks of a fleeing witch, but was a man again turning a corner into a darkened street.

There was a strange and furtive quietness about these streets. The gloom was thick and viscous, filled with a summer sensuality, as of a great, night-blooming flower's heavy odor. A woman's white face floated before me, the dark red lips hanging like moist fruit, her teeth gleaming. A husky whisper importuned, and I followed...Nydia.

The air was heavy with my sensual thinking, or was it the thinking of the whole city? A dark and ancient and red Being permeated these houses and streets, a hanging odor of coiling, strangling caresses, of strange orgies and strange visions. Every past image of the desired bodies of women, all women I had ever known stretched out their hands to me, and writhed gleaming limbs in a slow dance of longing, holding their red tipped breasts tightly with their spread hands as though to keep the growing buds from blooming suddenly into some wild flowering of culmination—and all their faces were...Nydia!

I awoke and lay there for a long time and dawn slowly brightened my window. All my mind was occupied with wonder—who was this Nydia I had met in my dream?

As I said before once I was just such a person as yourself. I thought that people were lying and preachers were raving or lying when they said they saw God, or angels, or ghosts; when they said they had been hexed, or jinxed or heard voices they couldn't explain.

Then this dream happened, a lush, terrible dream of a witch with whom I was apparently in love. I had been reading about such a witch, called "The Watcher" who had been active in medieval Spain.

During the dream I had thrashed about it seemed, either in fear or in an attempt to follow the floating face of...Nydia. During the bodily activity of the dream, I must have overturned my urinal, which was in the usual place in country homes, under my bed. We called it a pot, or a "thundermug." The liquid spread over the solid-color brown linoleum, and spread in a large puddle about six feet by four beside my bed. The next morning when I awoke, the urine had dried, and upon it was a vivid photograph of the witch I had thought existed only inside my mind in the dream!

I knew enough about chemistry to know that a large number of chemicals will respond in a similar way to silver salts if conditions are right. Evidently conditions had been very right and the only light that had struck the urine before it had dried in the darkness had been the

image of the witch. I knew that someone, some way, had been foisting actual projections of the image of a witch upon my sleep, as a dream. But a strangely vivid dream that leaves a life-size photograph upon the floor for a souvenir.

I called my friend from the next room to ask him what he made of it. He replied that I was quite an artist, "But isn't it a disgusting medium?" After I had explained to him that this was a photograph out of my dream he sort of chuckled and probably thought I was going daffy.

The next occurrence on my path to a strange and terrible discovery of my hidden visitors who were to become both my friends and enemies happened while I was working at the original Ford plant in Highland Park, Detroit, Michigan. Some of the men there will remember me. Overheard conveyors shot diagonally across the space which contains the light wells; around me were welding jigs, and every few seconds I had to duck a welding gun. Two of them hung on swivels and were used in succession for two different sizes and shapes of welds. This swinging gun timed our action, gave a pulsating rhythm to our movements.

I was the man doing the welding. I grabbed the gun as it swung, welded, pushed it away and ducked its mate as it swung into position over me, then straightened and shot the juice to the next weld. It gets tiresome after a while, and when you forget to duck, you get a crack on the head from the heavy gun. When the "funny stuff" began, at first I thought it was the occasional bump on the head that had made me slap-happy. But the hearing came only with one of the guns, so this ruled that out.

I began to notice something very strange about one of the guns. Whenever I held it, I heard voices, far-off voices of endless complexity. When I changed to the other gun of the pair, I heard nothing. Then I grabbed the gun again as it came around, and right away I knew what was in Bill's lunch box; which girl Bumpy was going to take out that night; the gift Hank's mother was planning to give his wife. It was a dress, and quite a dress too. More, I knew what the men upstairs were griping about; I heard everything I didn't want to hear all over the factory. That welding gun, by some freak of its coils' field atunements, was not a radio, but a teleradio: a thought augmenter of great power. After a while I found I could read the thought of nearly everyone in the building, if they were standing near the wires leading to my gun from the

transformers upstairs. For several hundred feet I was a Dunninger of the mind, and I fooled plenty of the fellows by telling them what they were thinking. But at last it began to get on my nerves...I'll tell you why: I began to hear "thought"! I couldn't figure it out. I would hear a mean kind of voice say something like "Put her on the target." Then I would hear a woman's screams, louder and louder and more and more agony in the screams—and at last a gurgle, a death rattle. Then later I would hear some person thinking about a space ship; not a new spaceship, but an old one—one he had been out in space with! What he thought about it was too much for me, but he knew plenty about electronics that I didn't.

I would hear a woman cursing and the lash of a whip—and feel a pleasure in the scream of the person getting the lash. It was all so mad, but I kept hearing such things, over and over. It got to my nerves, so I quit. I quit and went on the bum, for I didn't feel like working anymore, because I believed—I knew—I heard the voices and that if that was what telepathy gave a man to hear in America, I wasn't going to work for America. I was a smart guy—and pretty soon I was running a liquor truck between Detroit and Toledo. Easy money, and I had the satisfaction of knowing I wasn't a sucker for any hidden bunch of devils like I figured was running America, from what I heard.

Well, so far I haven't said too much, but wait—and I'm not telling you any fancy lies either.

Well, like all smart guys, I wound up with a lot of iron bars around me (for my liquor business was really a bootlegging outfit) which really wasn't all that bad, till I began to hear "thought" again without a welding gun within miles of me. Then for a while I knew I was nuts. I kept it quiet. I didn't say a word about it. If I was insane, I figured it was my business. Then I began to feel pains, and the thought in my head kept laughing at me. Like an imp would laugh.

The pains got worse. Finally I knew what it was, but I didn't believe it. It was people living in caves under and around the prison, and the people's kids liked to torment us prisoners! Not just pester, but real, genuine torture, done with some kind of X-rays. At last I got mentally used to knowing this, for I finally got wise to a couple of other sufferers from the unseen rays, and we would get off in a corner and discuss the thing. So I didn't feel so nuts after all.

We all knew that something was very wrong about ordinary people and their ideas of what the world was like. I realized that modern

science must have developed a lot of secret things that rich people had got hold of and were keeping from common people. I finally was quite sure I knew all about the "crooked secret ray" business. But I was wrong! How wrong that idea that "modern" science was responsible for my misery!

At last after what seemed like centuries of torment, but actually was less than two years, something occurred that was the best thing that ever happened to me.

A change came over the people in the caves, of whom we knew only through their rays. Somebody got their number and really began to make them behave. I figured that the lawmen got hold of some of the "rays" and were giving them what-for. But I was wrong again.

One result of the change was a sudden access of "pleasure" rays. I learned that for every pain ray, those secret people had a dozen infinitely pleasant rays. They called it "stim" and woke me every morning with floods of the most delicious sensations on earth. How can I best describe stim? Well, it's like a young girl's kiss augmented by a magic to a million powers. One of the young ray people was a girl who seemed to fall for me. She especially dished out this stim ray to me. There is no value on earth as great as stim love. Her name was Nydia, the same girl of my dream!

Our love became a great overpowering force, that ruled us both day and by night. But of course to most people I would have been merely mad and dreaming. Until one night about 1:00 A.M. my cell door opened! I sat up astonished. What did the screws (a slang term for guards) want with me this time of night? But the turnkey stood just outside the door, a dazed zombie expression on his face. I thought he was walking in his sleep till I saw "my girl" of the "secret people." The luscious laughing face of my friend resolved my mind of worry or astonishment, it was all just "play" for her. But to me it was the door to freedom. She wasn't there in person, but the next best thing, a transparent projection of herself, like a hologram. I was going to her, I knew!

By controlling rays of the mechanism of their secret silence she had imposed her thoughts upon the mind of the guard in such strength that his own were powerless. With Nydia in control, he lead me to a side door and I escaped into the night unobserved by anyone else.

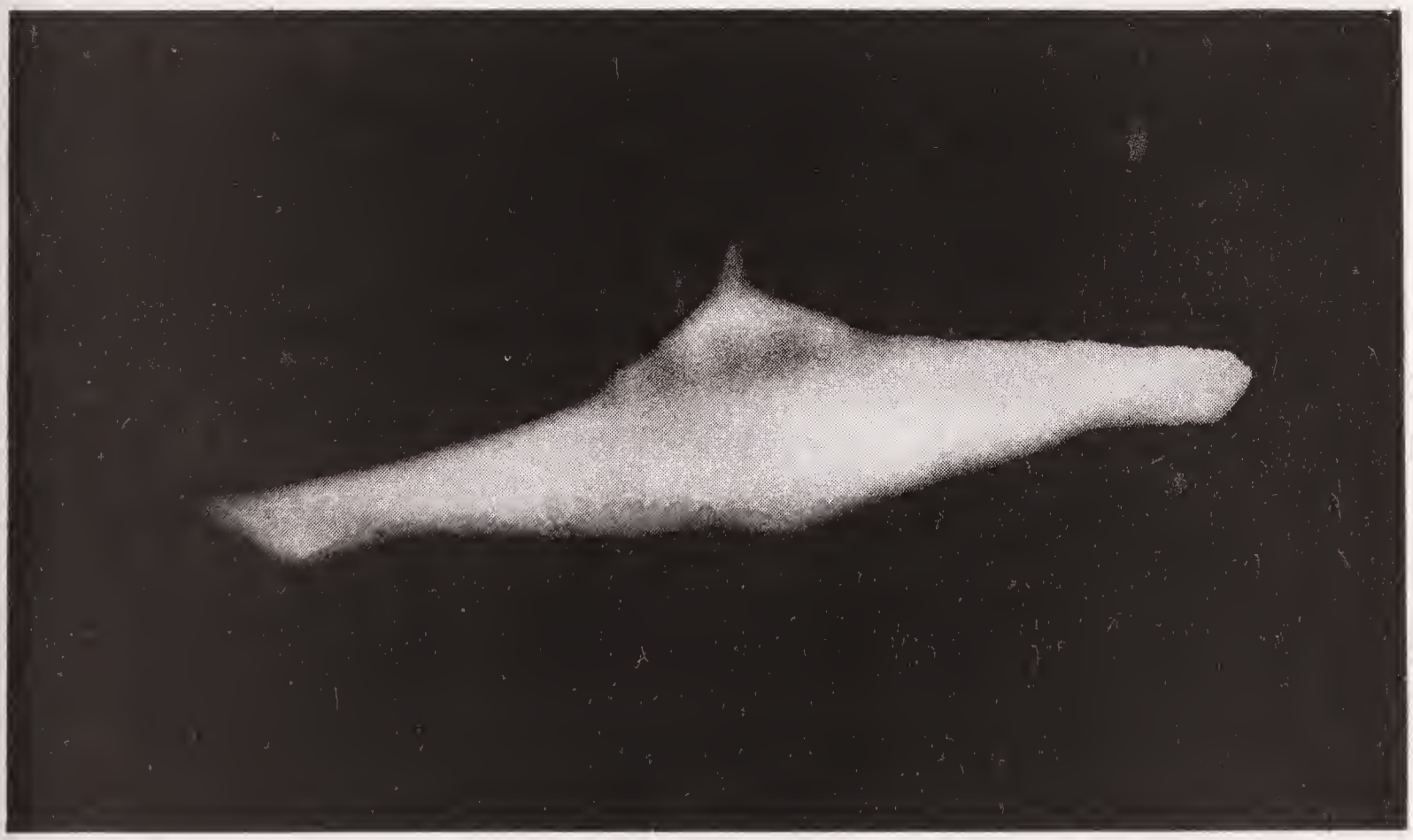
Then that ghostly imp-angel took me by the hand and led me for miles deep into the wooded countryside. Within a thick grove she led me to a great gap in the rocky hillside. As I followed the young girl,

behind me a vast door wrung shut for I was in truth following a ghost into the interior of a small mountain. I knew that no one would know there was a door there, now that it was closed behind me.

The dim light inside the caves I found emanated from long tubes running alongside cavern walls. The cavern was an alien place. Vast sculptured rock-forms of non-human beings supported the high, carved arches of the roof that was a mountain overhead. Walking for a distance, we finally emerged into a vast room. Into this twilight the ghostly little figure continued to draw me. Further on there stood an exact duplicate of the enticing figure that had led me here.

As my footsteps rang on the ancient polished stone floor, this little figure raced toward me unerringly and threw herself into my arms. Her flower-red mouth sought mine like a starved animal scenting meat. At this, the phantom beside me disappeared abruptly.

What I learned from Nydia and her people is historic record. I had actually been taken into the caves inhabited by another completely different civilization. Direct descendants of Atlantis and Mu, or the Elder Gods as they are better known. What I learned is recorded elsewhere in this book by Mr. Timothy Green Beckley and others who have followed my work closely over the years. For this is a great struggle that is still taking place today and we are all a part of it, whether we realize it or not.



Speculation is that at least some UFOs may come from the subsurface.

Chapter Four
Questions and Answers with Richard S. Shaver

QUESTION: What exactly, Mr. Shaver, are these mysterious flying objects which many have reportedly seen over the years?

ANSWER: There are at least three types of "Flying Saucers." One of them is simply a projection produced to lead a pursuer away from the real saucer. If you were secretly landing a space ship, and you could produce a few purely visual ships above a nearby city, who would be able afterward to say which was real or where the real one went? These "saucers" are simple projections used as evasive tactics, and what is seen is therefore not real.

Other saucers come, as you might have guessed, from outer space. These are coated with a 3″ to 4″ layer of stone-like material to keep out the radiations of space. Most of you must have heard of that fact too. The exact chemical analysis of this material is available if you want it. They have visited this Earth for many centuries for a very valuable treasure. That treasure draws them out of far space. That treasure lies inside our Earth. On their star maps, the Earth is labeled "The Great Tomb." For Earth IS a great tomb! The reason we don't know it is a tomb is because we live on the outside of the tombstone instead of on the inside.

The third type of ship is piloted by our ancestors who at one time inhabited the surface of the earth much as we do now. They now live within the caves driven there after three successive world catastrophes.

There are probably other types as well.

QUESTION: Why is the Air Force withholding information on the subject from the people?

ANSWER: There are several reasons, all interlocking. The main one is due to individual mental control from the cavern ray...many good airmen unconsciously receive thoughts on which they act to suppress and withhold information.

The second reason is also mental control. Airmen who sight saucers are ridiculed and laughed at by their superiors and other airmen and associates, not because the people who do this really want to do it, but because they receive unconscious suggestions to do so and do not know enough to resist the impulses. This is also true of reporters and others who should know better. They have consistently made a joke of everyone who sees saucers until it is as much as the man's job is worth to say a word about it. That is anyone in the organization learns by bitter experience that he cannot get his information respected or received by anyone who should receive it and act on it.

So he just keeps his head low and keeps quiet or joins the bandwagon and ridicules the next "boob" who tries to tell someone he has seen a flying saucer.

Shaver buffs make a great deal of noise on "why the government covers up" important cases. Personally I have run into the same thing with government officers and with other high authorities who owe it to themselves to show a little genuine interest.

Now here is what actually happens in the Pentagon, and in newspaper offices all over the world when saucers, or related subjects, crop up.

The PHONE RINGS and from high brass in the Pentagon on down to people like you and I—and a voice informs them that what was said is Verboten...not to be mentioned, is TOP SECRET and hush hush. In any one of a dozen ways and phrases they are told exactly what they expect to hear, letting them in on a secret but keeping everyone else out. This makes them feel very important and keeps anything sensible from being done about these subjects.

When it comes to saucers the brass thinks this voice over the phone is something very special from Secret Intelligence. Orders are to keep this information on the Q-T.

But no one in the Pentagon or in the newspaper office has ever had the impulse to check out such hush hush phone calls to learn if they are genuine or not. They KNOW they are genuine because they have ALL the information and they have all this information because the phone call is really from people who have the TELAUG and read the

guy's mind before they phone.

This use of the telephone has been occurring only in recent years. In the old days it was done by mysterious couriers, or messengers complete with notes in hand. But it has always been done—throughout history—to keep the telaug itself a secret and the saucers the same. This goes for anyone else connected with pre-deluge civilizations.

But how to get this across to those in government jobs, newspaper offices, who should know this fact is indeed another problem.

QUESTION: What forms of life exist on the planets in our solar system?

ANSWER: I have little knowledge of the forms of life on the larger planets, such as Saturn and Jupiter. I have been able to find out about those on the moon and the earth itself, and the space people who visited our planet before the Fall (when the moon was captured by the earth from its own orbit around the sun).

At that time earth had many sea people in its bodies of water. These were our ancestors and were amphibious, with webbed feet and hands. However, even then the land was being lived on and many people had lost their gills and webbed extremities, and were much like us.

This was also true of the people on the moon, as I interpret the picture stones. There are very clear pictures of large human people rescuing very plump little mermaids from the ocean, after the deluge was over. That is, the moon people took to the air in gliders when the moon approached the earth, and after the bump and terrible tides decreased (which took some months) they came down on earth because the moon had lost its air and water to the earth.

This all shows that the moon and earth were both peopled by somewhat similar humanoid life forms, and had contact before the deluge.

About the other planets of the solar system I haven't been able to pin down anything definite yet. There were bird-headed people who came here from space at one time, and several other forms which were not human.

QUESTION: What is the exact structure of the cavern world?

ANSWER: One thing you fellows who write to me never seem to get is the size of the ancient cavern world, and what it means to us.

If you can leave your flat land thinking, and think of many surfaces one over the other, extending on and on, under the water as well as under the land, you begin to understand. But you can't really compre-

hend immensity, can't comprehend a pioneer job that has been going on for hundreds and hundreds of years and is still only beginning.

There are a dozen nations from several different planets sending ships and forces to trade and explore and loot—there are ports where a dozen space ships line up and load the antique treasure and take off—and there are parties traveling on and on through level so and so, while under and over them, in tier on tier, are other levels untouched by man since the Elder time.

It is a world beyond comprehension, laid open to alien exploitation, before which our own government stands aghast with incredulous disbelief while all the treasures of the ages filter away beneath their important "fundamentalist" hands.

QUESTION: Is there life after death as spiritualists claim?

ANSWER: On this subject, there can only be opinions. I suspect, based upon much pondering on this topic, that the entire concept of "life after death" is impossible. It is sort of like saying in effect, "What do you think of black and white; about sour after sweet; of falling after rising." The entire question we are contemplating here is contradictory. A dead man is dead, a live man is alive. How can two opposites be the same? Hot is hot, cold is cold. You just can't have a hot–cold object.

Why then do apparently intelligent men think there is life after death? All sorts of "medium" room goings on are projections from the caverns and nothing more. When we see a "spirit" or a trumpet floating in mid-air with a voice projecting from it, why are we so certain that it is produced by people who have "passed on"? There is no evidence for this belief. All such things are products of "dero" who have gotten "inside" drop while said person was alive and is passing it off as "evidence" to loved ones.

Personally I believe that there is much illusion about death! Perhaps if one likens men to leaves on a tree; when a leaf drops it does not mean there will never be another leaf just like that fallen one.

Thus if men are actually repetitions as leaves seem to be, there will be just as many cabbages next year as cabbageheads. This is one way of saying that death is an illusion, for life itself as an INDIVIDUAL is itself an illusion.

Individualism is itself the delusion. Not life after death, but individual life both before and after death is the delusion.

Now, what I am trying to say is: Life after death is a theory that results ONLY from improper thinking.

I once had a short correspondence with Einstein who pondered about the remarkable FACT of simultaneous repetitions in the small or micro world. It is possible that in the micro world are endless repetitions that partake of MIRROR LIFE repetitions precise because MIRRORED.

In these mirrored repetitions, connected by an ancient law called simulacrum inductum, many identical living creatures come and go. It is quite possible that there are so many of these identical repetitions that the whole sum of them partake of an identical individuality which could result in death itself being a mere illusion.

If this identicalism is a fact—that we do multiply identically like a mirror facing a mirror multiplies images—then it could be that when a man dies everyone else sees him die except himself! Which goes on in endless repetitions in endless series of smallness. None of them conscious that one identical repetition has perished!

Thus it may well be that death itself is an illusion. We see others die only because they are in this size NOT ourselves, but others. Thus in "life after death" the death may only occur to others but does not occur to ourselves.

Here's a good example of how this may actually work out in principle. One day you died. All your friends and neighbors know you died. BUT YOU DON'T KNOW IT for you did not exist in one size-range only, but actually in many mirror-like repetitions in all the many INNER repetitions of smallness.

Since these mirror each other, then although a man died in this our world, in all the mirror worlds he got up and went on in the same work, lived in the same house, on the same street, and had the same wife and kids and the same smog.

I'm certain that if we knew enough about how things are put together in this remarkable universe it may be that death itself is the illusion and that logic has little to do with something we don't know about: *the fabric of living matter* itself.

QUESTION: Can you tell us anything about creation?

ANSWER: I suppose the word "Creation" means in this instance the beginning of things.

I have an opinion that can fairly easily be backed up by parallels.

The word "Creation" is itself a creation. It does not mean a thing except to religious people who think some great being waved a careless hand and all this mess began to percolate.

It really didn't happen just that way. It began in a very small man-

ner. A grain of dust in space attracted another grain of dust because it was ready to integrate. One grain was white dust, and the other was black dust...and we still have them integrating, falling from space and joining each other in eternal brotherhood. While the disintegrant grains of dust raise a holy hullaballo about mixing the creeds! Thus earth, a growing planet, became a tiny planet or plant of energy. And little people and animals began to live on it, and in its tiny oceans—a sort of mini-creation, beginning with next to nothing and going on and on a very long time. In those days a 3-foot rule was only 1,000,000,000,000 thousands of a millimeter long.

The people probably spent a lot of time in the warm seas and growing in the process with their little world into a big, big world.

In the true sense of Godness, all her creations worshiped mother earth herself by being good kindly children.

Just when worship of Mother Earth turned into warships destroying Mother Earth's children no one quite knows, but it had something to do with the change in the sunlight which made men and women somewhat mad.

QUESTION: Can you tell us about the types of cavern dwellers?

ANSWER: There are four to six distinct types of cavern people.

The Thin People—The best of the Tero.

The Small People—Under four feet tall. Both good and bad ones.

The Giants—Ranging in size up to about 9 or 10 feet. I really don't know too much about these. Even the Bible mentions the giants in the earth who lived in the far distant past. Most kids will remember such stories as Jack the Giant Killer, etc. Undoubtedly these are based upon these cavern dwellers of forgotten fame.

The Robot Masters—These are utterly fat and odd-shaped creatures who rarely do any kind of walking but ride around in a sort of motorized chair.

And then there are of course the "Norms" who are much like us of the surface.

There are other types, though many of them are almost extinct now. These include the gnome types, the Leprechaun types, and the Little People—a very tiny race now nearly next to extinct and who would rather keep it that way for obvious reasons.

Then there are also the Mers, living in the sea and in water-filled sea caves. I don't know for sure but I have also been told that there are supposed to be some amphibious men as well as total water breathers.

Then you have the blind types who see with their inner senses in darkness as well as light. This particular type is described best in the book, *Etidorpha,* now available from Amherst Press.

Some of these various types have been killed off in recent years by the rampaging Deros but they are still with us, although not as much so as just a few centuries ago.

Admittedly all of these people are "way out" and quite acceptable to orthodox thinkers. However be that as it may, for they really and truly do exist. And their existence can be endlessly documented by anyone who wants to spend a year or two in the stacks of our less-used libraries digging out old books and manuscripts. Of course, this would mean spending less time in front of the boob-tube, but the research, of the type I have done, does not come easy.

QUESTION: Can you please tell us about the various types of mech rays?

ANSWER: For this question, you would probably need more space then is available in this book. But I'm glad to tell you a little something of them.

The ray science of the far past was almost the whole way of life. Many of the inhabitants carried rays wherever they went.

There are an endless variety of mech-rays in the caverns, but most of them have been impounded and destroyed by the monopolizers and autocrats of the cavern life in the past.

There are levitators, and then there are rays to make things heavier. There are weather rays to make it rain and others to make it stop. There are wind rays to make the winds blow against the natural convection currents which are apt to work up a tornado when you don't start a back-wind.

There are rays to make cattle breed and rays to keep them from breeding.

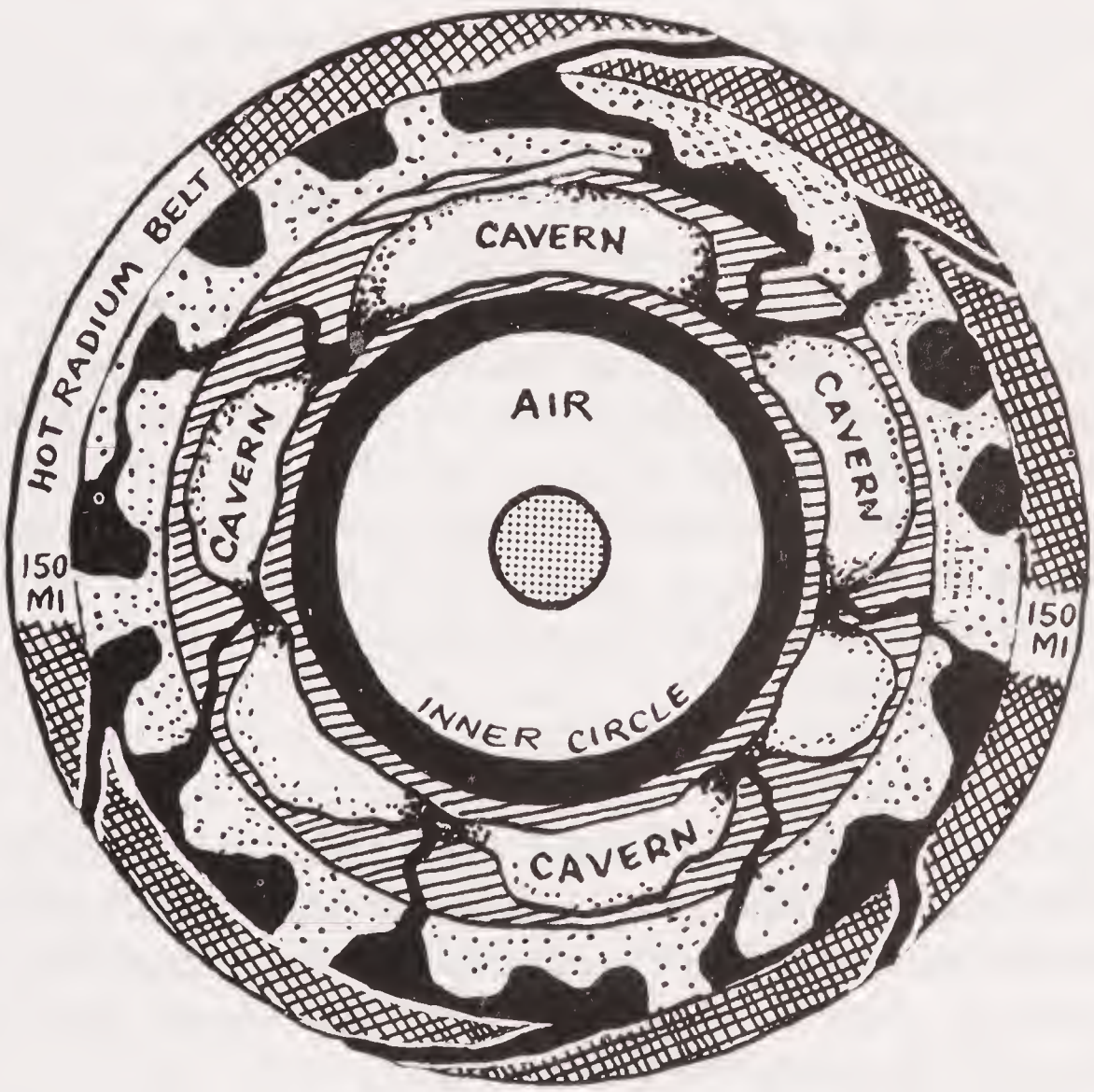
Let us not forget the conductive rays which replace wires. These can be adjusted to carry most any sort of energy and are often used to send false phone calls. Just by touching a phone wire most anywhere they can phone anyone the phone company connects with, yet leave no record of where the phone calls originated.

The most wonderful ray ever made was a ray for thinking. It is called "beneficial," and if you try to get something done about it at all the tero will get some of this to you and you too can go around despising all the people who don't have beneficial rays to make them smart.

The Beneficial Ray is a condensation of the stuff of integration. A sort of focused gravity that makes the mind and the body grow a little faster and become a little stronger.

When it is made right, and a little device to do this is placed in a hat you have a "thinking cap." When a teacher tells her pupils to put on their thinking caps, she actually doesn't know that such a thing really exists and was used as an everyday practice in the far distant past.

They made rays of this general variety in endless profusion and they made a great many of them for medical purposes. The healing powers of these "mech" can't be beat. I'm told that some of these are still trained at the surface in spots, such as at the Lourdes Shrine in France where many otherwise "mysterious" cures have taken place. Sores and other frightful afflictions, including cancer, have been cured there. Every summer people from all over the world come to Lourdes Shrine to get healed. And they do.



Ancient teachings claim that a vast "Cavern World" exists beneath our feet, populated by a variety of dwellers.

Chapter Five
John J. Robinson Reports: The Incredible Steve Brodie Story

EDITOR'S NOTE: The late John J. Robinson was a private researcher who, along with his charming wife, Mary, took a considerable interest in both the Shaver Mystery and Flying Saucers. Mr. Robinson's many contributions to the major publications in the 1960s and 1970s, including *Saucer News* and my own publication, *Searchlight,* brought in piles of letters from readers in response to his findings.

Mr. Robinson appeared on a number of radio programs in the New York area through the years. It was because of these appearances that "Mr. G" finally related his unusual and bizarre narrative. But even years before, Mr. Robinson had a close brush with Shaver's Dero in the person of Steve Brodie. The accounts which fellow, in Mr. Robinson's own words, are without a doubt among the most documented cases of Dero activity on record.

• • •

I knew Steve Brodie, and I lived the events which led up to his telling me his amazing story. I would like to preface this account by saying that I now tend to lend credence to the plausibility of the "Shaver Mystery," because of the fact that I have never been able to answer the questions raised by Steve's story.

These events, Steve's hermit-like existence, his habits, the strange scars, his almost hypnotic actions when he occasionally executed one of his eerie paintings, the subject matter of those paintings, his evident

fear of strangers, combined with his story and final strange disappearance, all leave me, as does Shaver's story, with questions that have no rational answer.

To tell Steve Brodie's story, as he told it to me, and to relate the circumstances which brought about his telling it to me, I must go back in time—back to the latter part of the year 1944. Because I wish to give the reader a clear picture of events which happened, I must ask you to bear with me while I relate the details which lead up to my hearing this strange tale. I promised at the time never to reveal the story, but the manner of Steve's disappearance makes me feel that the promise no longer matters.

In the month of September, 1944, I rented a small furnished room on the third floor of a house which was located on Wayne Street in Jersey City, New Jersey. The room contained only the most necessary furnishings: a bed, chair, table, closets and a small window. The window gave outlook to the north and because of this I later learned, Steve Brodie had picked the larger room directly beneath mine as a studio and residence. Artists must have the more even north light for illumination when they paint.

There were only two rooms on the third floor of the rooming house, and I soon met "Pop Egan," who occupied the other one. "Pop" was a long term resident of the house, an elderly man who lived on a pension from the accident which had crippled him for life. He had a metal pin in his hip joint and it took him a long time to navigate to the corner restaurant for a meal, in good weather. In bad weather "Pop" not only suffered from the pain of his injury but also from lack of food, unless someone brought it in for him.

I soon took to dropping in on him, if I were going out, and asking if I could get him anything he might need. It was because of this that I learned about Steve Brodie, the artist who lived beneath me. Steve trusted "Pop" and even gave him half-used tubes of paint so that he could copy some of the portraits from the Sunday edition rotogravures. "Pop" was copying a likeness of "General Pershing" when I first met him. His work was not good enough for sale, but he enjoyed the hobby and his room was decked with copies.

It was "Pop" who first introduced me to the recluse. He was the only one who could, for Steve Brodie would have nothing to do with anyone else in the house.

Steve was a man about 35 years of age, who stood close to five foot

three and weighed around 175 pounds. He had a powerful body with well-developed muscles. Dressed in the mechanic's coveralls which he usually wore, he looked more like a garage attendant than the artist he was. He had a full face with a healthy complexion, and a heavy head of brown hair which grew very long in the back of the head. His dull blue eyes were sad, as if he had witnessed all the sorrows of the world. They seemed to be ready to weep, though I never saw him do so. His manner was kindly and almost meditative or perhaps very contemplative; he was not a jolly type of person, often smiling in a quiet manner when others might have laughed aloud.

After "Pop" introduced me, whenever I met Steve I would speak of art and mention my desire to paint. Gradually, Steve became less reticent with me, until finally he allowed me to enter his room one day to view a painting he had just finished.

The picture, a likeness of a clown, juggling painted balls in the center ring of a circus, was very well done. From his remarks, I gathered that he had been commissioned to paint it. Before I left the room I discussed with him the possibility of taking up oil painting as a hobby. Steve promised to help me and advised me as to what I should do to start. He also promised that he would give me further instructions after I had begun to get together the equipment I would need.

We finally reached a stage in our friendship where I would rap on his door, and once I had made my identity known, he would allow me to enter. Whenever I visited him we would discuss painting, and occasionally some of the most recent world events. Although I made him familiar with some of my private life, he was most reticent about his own.

At times I would find him busy at his hobby, for besides painting he also created jewelry from boxes of old buttons, which he picked up whenever he visited his art dealer with finished work. The art dealer lived somewhere in New York City, although I never learned where. At times he might be reading a newspaper but that was the only printed material he ever read. I never saw a magazine or a book in his room. Literature in any form did not interest him, while I was an inveterate reader of science fiction stories.

As I became better acquainted with Steve, I began to notice some of the peculiarities which were later explained by the story he related to me. First, he never ate meat; second, he seemed to be afraid that someone might be attempting to sneak up behind him. He had a habit

of glancing back over his shoulder as if he feared he might be followed. Third, he never spoke of his previous life. Fourth, if anyone passed the door, he would stoop and glance at the door in what almost seemed to be fear until the footsteps passed. Fifth, it was not the law he was afraid of. He seemed to be almost happy to be near a person whom he knew to be a member of the police force.

He often went out for air in the middle of the night when he could be sure that no one was on the street, or near him. He walked in the center of the street apparently so that he could avoid any unexpected contact from a side alley or doorway. Sixth, he never smoked, nor drank any alcoholic beverages; nor would he take any type of drugs. I recall his refusal of an aspirin tablet when he had a slight cold; he said he did not wish to poison himself by taking drugs. I also recall how he frowned upon my cigarette habit and occasional glass of sherry.

Every so often he would prime a canvas, and then in what seemed to be an almost post-hypnotic state he would begin to paint a picture which was most foreign to his usual type of work. I believe now that what he was painting was an unconscious memory. Neither at that time nor later could he tell me where he got the idea for those weird eerie landscapes he would paint.

To describe the type of painting will be difficult. If the reader will attempt to envision scenery more drastic in color and character than any Death Valley, Painted Desert, Gobi Desert or the more rugged portions of the Grand Canyon, he will begin to understand the scenes Steve placed on canvas at those times. However the scenes always seemed to have more than one Sun in them, while if it were night, there would be two moons in the sky, while a shadow from a third stronger source was projected from another direction, unless the two moons were very low on the horizon. The views were always devoid of life, but somehow I felt that were I there in person, creatures would frighten me out of my wits springing at me from behind a rock or making an appearance over the top of a nearby cliff. The colors of those scenes outdid any I have ever seen in nature and the erosion of the rock forms seemed to have been created in nightmare forces.

On the night I purchased the second of the Shaver stories, in the April, 1945 edition of *Amazing Stories,* I came home about 11:00 P.M. with my latest newsstand purchase stuffed into my overcoat pocket. As I passed Steve's door, I noticed a light under it. I knocked and repeated the usual formula as I did so: "Hello Steve! It's Jack, are you busy?"

Steve opened the door and I entered.

Tossing my hat and overcoat on the bed, I turned to look at the picture on the easel. It was another one of those strange ones. It made me feel as if I were looking out the door on a recently landed spaceship. This one was different. They all were, but this topped them all. This one had only one sun in it, a sort of blue white sun, but light from two other sources not shown in the picture created stronger shadows than did the visible sun.

I asked Steve where he got the idea for this picture and he said he did not know. He felt as if the view were painted from life. "I can close my eyes and see it," he told me, "almost as if I were there." We talked about the composition for awhile, then Steve noticed the colorful end of the latest *Amazing Stories* sticking out of my overcoat pocket. The color against the black overcoat had attracted his artist's eye.

"What's in your pocket?" he asked.

"Oh! Just a book in which some fellow writes about people who live underground," I answered.

Steve looked startled and frightened at the same time.

"DERO!" he blurted out in almost a shout, and then looked more frightened than I have ever seen a grown man appear. It took me quite a while to get him to tell me why he had used the word, "Dero."

Steve finally insisted that I promise not to tell anybody what he was going to reveal to me. When I did he told me his story.

Seven years before he met me, he was in the West with a friend. I gathered that neither Steve nor his friend had any living relatives, which may have been why they were chumming together. They had gone to the region to gather semi-precious stones, which, when polished, could be used to create jewelry of various types. In fact Steve was doing this type of work with his buttons when I met him. My wife still has a dinner ring he made for me to give her as a present while I was courting her, and I still have a tie stick pin he made for me as a gift.

Anyway, from what Steve told me, he and his friend proposed to visit a particular section of the West in order to gather a certain type of stone they wished to obtain. He would not tell me the type of stone nor the location. When I questioned him all he would say was, "No! I know you and your inquisitive mind. I know of your mountain climbing. You would attempt an investigation and something would happen to you. Hear the rest of my story, and you will understand why I will not tell you where it happened."

He then told me that they visited a small town, the name of which he would not give me. At any rate, this town was about 15 miles away from a mesa where he and his friend expected to find the type of semi-precious stones they wanted. Although he would not tell me the section of the country, I somehow gathered that it was either in or near the state of Arizona.

The people of the town, Steve said, warned him not to go into the desert region near the mesa, since several people had disappeared without a trace in that section. It was considered by the townspeople to be a "Bad Lands" section. Steve and his partner laughed off the warnings and left for the site early the next morning.

When they reached the base of the mesa, which towered above them, the two men proceeded to look for the semi-precious gems for which they were in search. While they were searching, Steve said, he heard his companion voice an expletive. This caused Steve to look up. As he did, he saw a black cowled figure at the base of the mesa. This figure was immediately joined by another who was dressed in the same manner. The first figure pointed a slim rod-like instrument at him and he was unable to move. While this was happening he heard his partner, who was behind him, get to his feet and start to run. The second figure pointed a similar rod at a spot past Steve. From this instrument, however, an intense thin beam of light emanated. Steve heard his partner scream a horrible cry of intense agony which was suddenly cut short.

In a moment Steve said he began to smell the terrible acrid odor of burned human flesh, borne to him by the wind which was blowing toward the base of the mesa.

During that moment a third cowled figure appeared. It seemed to come out of the rock itself, or perhaps it came from an unseen opening in the base of the mesa. At any rate it was the third figure who approached Steve, who remained incapable of movement. This being, whose shadowed face remained invisible to him, carried in its gnarled hands something that looked like a set of small earphones, a headset without any cord for attachment. The figure went behind him, Steve said, and he felt it start to place something over his head, which rested behind his ears. The moment this thing was placed on him, Steve told me he blacked out.

At this point in his narrative, Steve then showed me why he wore his hair at the back of his head so long. Behind each ear at the base of

the parietal bones of his skull were bare, seared, scared, patches of skin upon which no hair could grow. Both of these areas behind the ear were a little smaller than the size of a silver dollar, they were perfectly circular. I knew of nothing which could have created them.

Steve said they were the marks of a Dero Slave.

All Steve remembers about his captivity was awakening three or four times, and finding himself penned up with other humans in a cage-like enclosure. His fellow captives, who were both male and female, informed him that he was "in the caves" and that the masters were "the Deros." None of his periods of waking were of long duration; it seemed that as soon as he had regained complete consciousness, the same type of cowled figure would again appear and place the headset upon him, using the rod-like instrument to freeze him into stillness before approaching him.

How or why he was finally released, Steve never understood. He merely found himself fully conscious one day walking down Broadway towards New York's Times Square. He said he was dressed in the same clothes he had been wearing on his prospecting trip, while in his pockets were all the items he had been carrying, including about $100 in bills, which had been left over after purchasing supplies for the trip to the mesa. The persistent feeling that this purchase had been only yesterday was denied by the fact that he had a long beard and also by the incontestable fact that he was a great distance from the mesa. A glance in the shop windows also assured him that he needed a haircut.

He stopped in a barber shop and sat down to await his turn, picked up a newspaper which lay on the chair he was going to sit in. It was then that he discovered he had lost two years from his life, for the date on that paper was slightly more than two years in the future from the day he started the mesa stone hunt.

Two years had vanished from his life, with no knowledge of how it had been spent, except for those short intervals of consciousness in the animal-like underground cages. It might have seemed like a bad dream, were it not for the fact that he was in a barber shop near Times Square, that he had a beard which he never wore, that his hair had grown long and that all the newspapers had the same date, which was two years in the future—while all the news they contained was about events which he had never heard of.

He had no knowledge of how he had escaped, if indeed he had escaped; or how or why he had been released, if he had been released.

I suggest that he might have been released by the "Tero," but Steve knew nothing of beings of that name. All he knew was that which he had been told by his fellow captives, regarding the cruelty of the "Dero" and their ability to capture slaves with little trouble, even on the streets of a large town any place in the world.

One other thing was also beyond his understanding: he could not eat meat; if he attempted to he became violently ill.

Steve's story interested me and I tried to get more information from him, but Steve only knew that he was frightened. Frightened that he might be captured again, and he acted as if continued discussion might be overheard in some manner. He became frightened whenever I brought it up, and reminded me of my promise not to reveal it to any other person.

A change in my situation forced me to move to a nearby town soon after Steve told me his story. I could not manage to return and visit my friends on Wayne Street for almost six months. When I did, it was to find that "Pop Egan" had died and that Steve had moved soon after I had.

The sequel to the "Steve Brodie Story" is as ominous, however, as all his fears. For when I was leaving the furnished rooming house, I met one of the boarders. He had lived at the house all during the time that "Pop," Steve and I had. This man, a traveling salesman, stopped for a moment to chat, and before I left I asked him if he knew anything about Steve's whereabouts.

He had known Steve and always spoke to him, although he thought him an odd type of person.

While we were discussing events which had occurred since having seen each other, and how sad it was that "Pop" had passed away, he suddenly remarked, "Remember that mad artist, Steve? I saw him only last month, on a railroad train in Arizona. He was evidently drunk."

When I asked him why he said that, he told me that Steve had been staring out the train window and did not even look at him when he spoke. "He didn't even look at me when I put my hand on his shoulder," he said. "He was in a sort of drunken stupor!"

"What happened to him?" I asked.

"I don't know!" the salesman said. "I went to the lavatory while we made a stop at some little bit of town in Arizona. I don't even remember the town, but Steve must have gotten off. When I came out he was gone."

Because of this bit of sad information, I am forced to conclude that "Steve" is once again the mindless robot slave of the "Dero."

Researcher John J. Robinson talked to one individual who said he saw this being standing guard near a cave entrance.

Chapter Six
John J. Robinson Reports: The Story of Mr. X

This story is not going to be believed by many of the readers of this book. You may say, "It's too fantastic!" or, "He made it up." I am afraid that those who are always looking for absolute proof will find very little—except my word. People who know me well, however, have always accepted the facts I will relate here as being the truth as I learned it from "Mr. X."

While I know the true identity of "Mr. X," I refuse to reveal his name. People who know me will accept this confidence without question. They know that once I have given my word I always keep it. I gave my word to "Mr. X" that I would never reveal his name or whereabouts before he related this account to me. He had never given anybody the information I am about to relate. The witness feared that harm might come to him if he made these details public. I believe you will agree, when you have read this account.

While "X" trusted me not to divulge his identity so that no harm would come to him, he did not trust me to stay out of danger myself. He refused to give me the exact location of the events he related to me —very much as Steve Brodie refused to tell me the location of his own travels years earlier.

The events were weird enough to be worth an on-the-spot investigation even at this late date.

I know that a preface like this may be uninteresting to the casual reader. However, it is a must, as it will answer many unspoken questions later. I must also relate the incidents which led to his confiding his experience to me. For without these incidents, he never would have

disclosed anything.

On a Friday night during March, 1957, I was a guest, along with two other gentlemen, on the Long John Nebel radio program. These men were friends of mine, and well enough known and respected in the flying saucer field to be recognized at that time. Lee Munsick is a researcher who lived in Northern New Jersey and had a group and publication of his own at the time. The other man was a close personal friend, Dominick Lucchesi. Dom's early work with the Flying Saucer Research Bureau, and his latter attempts to resolve the "Bender Mystery," better known as the story of the "Three Men in Black," was published in Gray Barker's *They Knew Too Much About Flying Saucers.*

Dom and I were both interested in the Shaver Mystery and I had consented to relate over radio that morning the details of an event that happened ten years earlier. The story again concerned the Dero.

"Mr. X" was a co-worker who listened to the radio that morning, since he knew I was to be on the program. When he heard the story I told, he decided that he would confide in me, once he had secured my promise not to expose him. The following is the tale he related, and the drawing he made of the creature he saw is included at the end of this chapter. The incidents he described to me happened when he was 17, during the summer of 1942. I will relate the story as he told it to me, as much in his own words as I can recall them.

"Mr. X's" Story

When I was 17, and had just graduated high school, I spent my summer vacation visiting a former school mate who had moved from Los Angeles. His family had moved to a small town northwest of Los Angeles. I will not tell you the state or the town, for when I finish you might try to investigate, and since I lost one friend, I have no wish to lose another.

My boyhood friend's name was Fred, and we had arranged that I would visit him for the summer whenever I graduated. I arrived at the bus station of this town, and Fred met me at the bus station. He took me to his home, where it was arranged that we would share the room in the attic while I visited. Fred had borrowed a bike for my use that summer, and we started to make trips in the country toward the north of the town where the country was wild and mountainous. The town was located south of a group of mountains which, while they were not too high, were high enough for us to enjoy climbing.

One day Fred told me that he would have to spend the next day minding his sister's children. He said he would take a late afternoon bus and travel to his sister's home about 25 miles away. He was going to stay overnight so his sister and her husband could start early the next morning on a business trip. "But," he told me, "I'll only be gone for the day. You can have our room for yourself. I'll be home the next night."

Fred suggested that since he had to leave on the late bus, we visit a place even he had never gone to, a section of country only three hours of fast cycling from the town. It was a place the townspeople called the "Haunted Mine." The townspeople usually avoided it, he said. I asked him why the mine was said to be haunted, and he said that the people who had dug the mine ran into some sort of long cave like a tunnel after they got down quite a ways. It was after this that they had trouble.

What sort of trouble? Well, he did not exactly know, but according to what he had heard, miners had been killed when portions of this tunnel fell in on them. Other miners had disappeared and he understood that a couple of the deaths of investors in the mine had seemed strange, but he did not know any of the details. At any rate, all the trouble seemed to start after they broke into this underground space. The mine had evidently petered out and what with all the trouble it was deserted as a complete loss. No one visited the mine or lived near it anymore.

I asked Fred how he would manage to locate the mine, if he had never been there. But Fred said a friend of his had visited the mine and told him about the roads and how to locate it. When I asked Fred if he could persuade this friend to go along, Fred said the friend had broken his neck falling from a cliff he was climbing the day after he had visited the mine.

"That's odd isn't it," I asked Fred, and he told me the only thing odd about it was that this friend had climbed the cliff when a path leading to the top was only a ten-minute walk from where he was found clutching a piece of black cloth in his hand. I guess he spotted the piece of black cloth, climbed up to get it, and fell when he reached for it.

We started out for the "Haunted Mine" early that morning and cycled on increasingly poorer roads until we were somewhere way up in the mountains.

We had to leave our bicycles because the road we came to was so bad that it was impassable. Fallen trees and rock had rolled down the

side of the mountain. We left our cycles and started to climb up the road. Fred told me the opening to the mine was located on that road, but that the road led around the other side of the mountain. We climbed the road for about 20 minutes, and then as we rounded the mountain we came upon a spur of rock.

When we continued on the road around the rock, we came to a cleared area, which had several deserted buildings standing together on the edge of the mountain. Past the buildings loomed a pile of debris which had evidently been dug from the ground and allowed to slide past from the top of the pile down the side of the mountain. The entrance to the mine was evidently located behind one of the buildings and on the other side of the pile of debris.

We passed the building and started around the pile of debris from the mine, when suddenly we came to the entrance. It was then that we both saw IT. Standing on the edge of the mine, as if on guard, was the most frightening creature I had ever seen. The being was about four and a half feet tall but very large around, the eyes were large and seemed circular, the head seemed to be covered with a sort of hood. While it seemed to have wings which were folded around in front of it, we saw no arms. The portion of the body on what might be a person's chest was covered with large scales of almost a reptilian nature, like the skin of a huge snake. There was a projection that seemed to come up from what might be termed the shoulders and outlined the back of the lower portion of the head. It had no neck. Projecting behind it like a spread clock seemed to be a huge bird-like tail. The legs were short and chunky and the feet, if that is what they were, seemed to be encased in a sort of box-like boot or if it were not a boot, to be more like the type of hoof with what I believed to be claws on it. What appeared to be the face had eyes and a mouth, and with what might have been termed a nose. It reminded me of the look of a demon from Hell!

When the being saw us, it let out a scream like an animal and started around the edge of the mine, toward us. It rustled its wings or cloak as if it had arms, but we did not stop to see. We broke out of the paralysis of fright and wheeled in retreat at full speed. We covered the 20 or more minutes of hillside road in less than five.

We grabbed our cycles and set off at breakneck speed over the rutted road for home. We rode so fast that we covered that three hour journey in a little less than two and a half hours.

Fred drove directly to the bus station, where he checked his cycle

and got on the bus which took off before the one he had expected to take.

I locked my bike outside the local motion picture theatre and took in the show. During the latter part of the picture, I noticed a rather short person with a dark face, even in the dim theater, who seemed to be going up and down the aisle evidently looking for someone. He seemed to stop very often at the row of seats I was sitting in, and glanced down them somewhat in my direction.

At the end of the picture, I left the show with a crowd of people. As I started to ride my cycle home to Fred's house, I felt as if someone or something was following me, and at some of the street intersections, I noticed people who seemed to be similar to the person dressed in black who had prowled the aisle of the theater. When I passed rapidly these persons always seemed to be watching me. But since it was dark by then I could not be sure.

At one time a short person dressed in black dived out of an alley toward me, on a deserted street, but I swerved around him and raced on toward Fred's home. Soon after that as I passed a street excavation, where a stack of metal pipes of large diameter was piled, the entire stack of pipes gave way and I narrowly missed being underneath them when they did.

I rode frantically down a tree-covered lane toward Fred's home, when suddenly a huge limb of a tree broke off above me. Were it not for my speed, the limb would have crushed me beneath it. As it was, the leaves on the outermost branches whipped across my back, and the rear wheel of my bicycle.

I arrived at Fred's home and drove up the driveway leaving my cycle at the foot of the porch. I dived up the steps and rang the bell frantically. As I did so, I noticed a short figure start toward the house from a corner about 200 yards away. Fred's mother answered the door and I told her that I was tired and was going to bed at once. When I reached the attic room, I drew the blinds and lit the lights and packed all my clothes. After that I put out the light and cracked the blind. As I looked out, I felt sure that I could see a dark form squatting in the crotch of a high limb which came close to the window in the nearest tree.

Although the night was hot, I did not open the window nor did I sleep at all. Instead I kept watch all that night and I know that there was someone in that tree, for his shadow drifted down the side of the tree

and crossed the lawn shortly before daylight.

In the morning, I told Fred's mother that I had called home the evening before from a pay station and my parents had asked me to return home at once. I left for Los Angeles, on the first bus that morning, and kept a close watch to make sure I was not followed. After I arrived home, I waited a day and then went to a pay station and called Fred. His mother said that Fred had arrived home the day I left, but that he had gone off on his cycle that morning.

To make a long story short, Fred's cycle was later found at the beginning of the impassable road to the "Haunted Mine." To this day, Fred has never been found, and to this day I am afraid that whoever or whatever it was that got Fred will find me.

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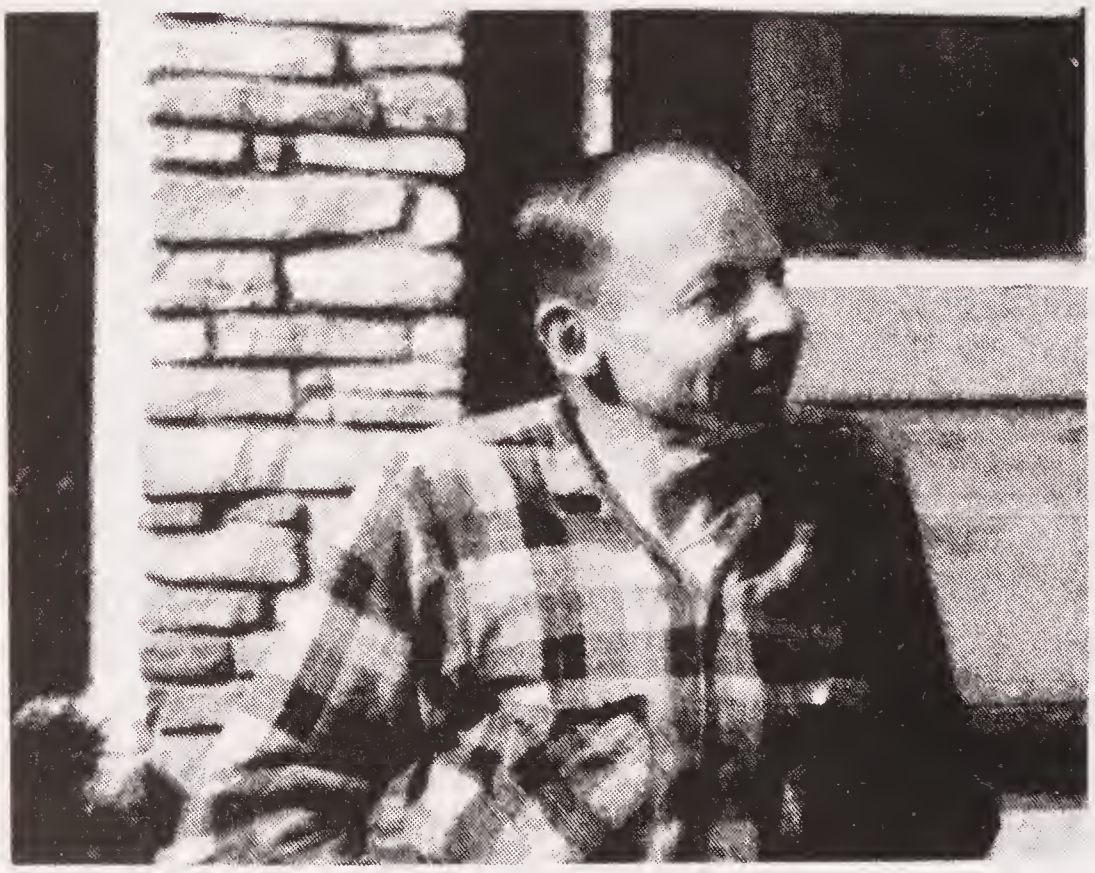
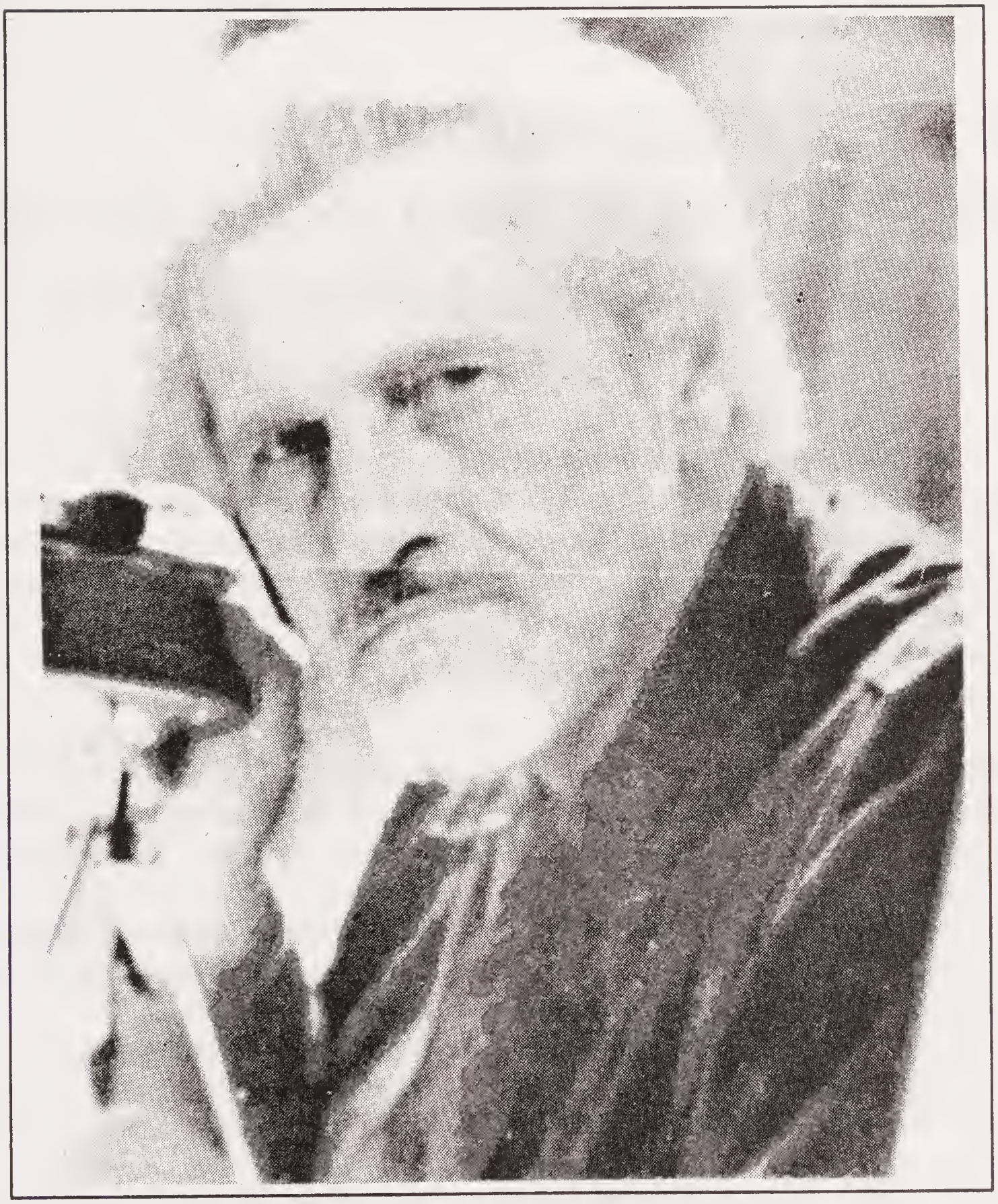


The late Ray Palmer stands outside his Amherst, Wisconsin home, in this 1965 picture. (Photo by Gene Steinberg.)



A "reflective" shot of Richard S. Shaver, who first brought attention to the inner worlds beneath us in the 1940s, when he began writing for *Amazing Stories,* a popular science fiction magazine edited by Ray Palmer.

Chapter Seven: John J. Robinson Reports on Underground Entrances

EDITOR'S NOTE: In the following chapter, Mr. Robinson has written about several entrances to the inner world that he believes may exist in South America and elsewhere. Unlike certain other researchers in this particular field, John J. Robinson went to great lengths to back up his investigations with timely documentation.

The Liyobaa Cave Entrances

After the conquest of South America by the Spanish Conquistadores, the Catholic priests who were attempting to convert the heathen Indians discovered a cave entrance to what they called "Hell." This entrance has since been sealed off with tons of rubble, dirt and huge stones and boulders.

The village of Liyobaa (or to translate it, "The Cavern of Death") was located in the province of Zapoteca, somewhere near the ancient village of Mictlan, or the "Village of the Underworld."

The Cavern of Death was actually located in the last chamber of an eight-chamber building or temple. This temple had four rooms above the ground and four more important chambers built below the surface.

The high priests of the then-prevailing Indian religion conducted the ordinary ceremonies for the common man of Theozapotlan in the upper rooms. It was when they descended into the subsurface chambers that the secret and, to them, holy ceremonies, were conducted.

The first underground room was the one which was reserved for any human sacrifice. Its walls were lined with the images of the repre-

sentations of their various "Gods." A blood-stained stone altar in the center of the chamber served for the sacrifice of any human victim, whose still-beating heart would be torn from a screaming still-living body and offered to the lips of those same stone idols for their supposed repletion.

There was a second door in this first chamber which led to the second room. This was a crypt where the preserved bodies of all the deceased high priests reposed. The next door in this crypt led to the third underground vault, about the walls of which were the preserved bodies of all the former "Kings" of Theozapotlan. For, on the death of a king, his body was brought to this chamber and installed there with all the state and glory, as well as with many sacrifices to accompany him.

It was from this burial chamber of kings that the fourth and last underground room was accessible. A doorway in this third room led into the last underground chamber which seems appropriately to have contained nothing but another entrance covered by a huge stone slab. I write "appropriately," for the entrance to either HELL or the CAVES should be covered but unencumbered in the area about it for the benefit of those who might wish to leave rapidly and wisely. It was conceived by the Catholic Fathers of that day that this was an entrance to Hades; however, as we may well understand, it was an entrance to a Dero larder.

Through this doorway behind the stone slab were placed the bodies of all human sacrifices as well as the bodies of all the great lords and chieftains of the land who fell in battle. The bodies of those warriors were brought from far and wide to be thrown into this cave when they had been cut down in the battles which were constantly being waged by these people.

Many of the common people, when debilitated by an incurable illness or oppressed by an unsupportable hardship, which made them seek death, would prevail upon the high priests to allow them to enter the door of death while still living. They believed that if they did so they would be the recipients of a very special afterlife.

The high priests would sometimes accept them as living sacrifices and after special ceremonies allow them to enter the "Cavern of Death" while still living. Needless to say, none ever returned to describe their experiences.

The Catholic priests, in order to convert the believers in this "myth" to Christianity, made arrangements to enter this subterranean

door with a large retinue of torch holders and a long rope, which was tied to the stone slab door. They also took the precaution of having a large armed guard make sure that the door was not closed on them.

After they had lighted their torches and entered the door, it was discovered that they would have to descend several very large steps. At the foot of the steps was a very wide stone-paved passageway with a high stone buttress on either side. The passageway led directly away from the steps into the distant bowels of the earth. The bones of the most recent arrivals, picked clean, lay before them as the passage seemed to continue without end. On each side of the buttressed path they could see into a large open area which was a labrynth of stone pillars that seemed to hold up the very mountains which they knew they were beneath. As they advanced into the mountain, a putrid, dank air assailed their nostrils, serpents retreated from the light of their torches and at times they seemed to see distorted figures retreat from the light behind the shadows of the pillars in the distance.

They continued into the depths a distance of about 40 meters when suddenly a strong cold wind began to blow about them. Still striving to continue, as their torches were extinguished rapidly, they took flight when all became dark, not only from the danger of the serpents, but also from strange sounds they could not place, but which were being made by the members of their own party. Using the rope and the light of the torch one of the guards held in the doorway, out of the strong wind, the entire party rapidly retreated from this terrifying region.

When all the company had swiftly retreated to the ante-chamber of "Hell," they rapidly replaced the large stone slab door. After this the head prelate gave orders to fill in all the underground chambers and seal off and erase all signs of the stairs to them, thus eradicating for all time this entrance to the Caves.

The Tunnels of South America

In Southern and Central America, as well as in Mexico, the ancient people did not deny the existence of subterranean caves, chambers or tunnels. An examination of the religious beliefs of all these ancient civilizations will reveal this.

The Aztecs of Mexico had their dark, dreary and much-feared "Tlalxico" which was ruled by "Mictlan," their god of death. The Mayas of Yucatan held a belief in the existence of underworlds. These they

termed "Mitlan," and they were icy cold as are most subterranean chambers or tunnels (for proof visit a large cavern in summer clothes and see how uncomfortable you are). These underworlds were presided over by "Ah Puch," the Lord of Death. We also have mention of the underground in the Mayan sacred writings, the "Popol Vuh"; as well as in the "Book of Chilam Balam of Chumayel." Even some of the codices seem to refer to them.

Peru and Chile, when they were ruled by the Incas, also reveal knowledge of the underground. "Supai," the god of death, had an underground dwelling, a much-feared "Place of Darkness." "Pachacamce," the god of the earth, caused underground rumbles in subterranean places where huge stones evidently fell, hours after he had shaken the earth with violence.

A legend of the first Inca "Manco Capac" relates that he and his followers, the founders of the Inca realm, came from underground caves, while the people of the time revered snakes because of "Urcaguay," the god of underground treasures. This god is depicted as a large snake whose tail has hanging pendent from it, the head of a deer and many little gold chains. Even the "Comentarios Reales de los Incas" of Garciliasso de la Vega hints at the existence of the subterranean.

References to the tunnels have come down to us from information that the Conquistadores obtained. From some unknown source they had gathered information that the wealth of the Inca's domain was stored in a vast underground runnel or a road, and Pizzaro held the Inca Atahuelpha prisoner in order to obtain his wealth, which, it was rumored, was stored in a vast subterranean tunnel that ran for many miles below the surface of the earth. The Inca, if he had the information regarding the entrance to this tunnel, never revealed it. The priests of the Sun God and the Inca's wife determined, it is asserted, the eventual fate of the Inca by occult means. The knowledge that Pizzaro did not intend to spare the Inca Atahuelpha's life caused them to seal up the entrance and hide it so well that it has never been found to this day.

A few Quicha Indians, who are pure descendants of the line of priests, are said to still have the knowledge of the location of the entrance to this tunnel. They are the appointed guardians of this escort, so it is rumored today in Peru.

Another source of tunnel information may be a huge monolith of perpendicular rock, which stands apart from its native habitat, the

mountains. This rock is of lava, and how it was erected or who erected it is lost in the ages of antiquity, long before the Incas came on the scene. The huge monolith stands alone on the shore of Ila, a small town in the southern tip of Peru, not far from the Chilean border. The rock bears odd hieroglyphic marks carved upon it. Marks which only in the light of the setting sun create a cryptic group of symbols. It is said that these marks will reveal to the person able to read them and decipher the message correctly the location of a secret entrance to the tunnels, an entrance located, some researchers assert, in the fastness of the "Los Tres Picas," the Three Peaks region. This is a triangular formation of mountain tops near the monolith in the Loa River section.

When Mme. Blatvatsky visited Peru, she viewed and concurred with the information regarding the markings on the Ila monolith. She also asserted that information regarding the entrances to the tunnels had been graven in the walls of the "Sun Temple," at Cusco. Information of a symbolized nature, but nevertheless information which revealed to the person, with the knowledge of the meaning of the symbols, the secret entrances to those tunnels which the priests of the "Sun God" knew about. It is reported that Mme. Blavatsky received a chart of the tunnels, from an old Indian. when she visited Lima. This chart now reposes in the Adyar, India, archives of the Theosophical Society.

Harold T. Wilkins, author of *Mysteries of Ancient South America,* also researched and inquired about the tunnels until he was able to conclude the following: Two underground roads leave the vicinity of Lima, Peru. One of these tunnels is a subterranean road to Cusco, almost 400 miles to the east. The other runs underground in a southern direction for more than 900 miles to the vicinity of Salar de Atacama. This is a large salt desert in Chile, the residue of the ocean water which was landlocked during an upheaval of the earth. The upheaval or cataclysm which created Lake Titicaca raised Huanuco high above its place on the shore line. For information about this event, see the section titled "Tiahuanacu in the Andes" of Imanuel Velikovsky's *Earth in Upheaval.*

The Cordellerias domeyko, in that section of Chile, very evidently landlocked a great portion of the sea when it was raised. After the sea water evaporated, the vast salt waste, which is almost impossible to traverse, was left.

The tunnel, which has an entrance somewhere in the Los Tres Picos triangle, is also said to have a connection with this long southern

underground road.

I conjecture that any continuation of the southern tunnel was broken during the cataclysm, which created the Andian mountain range. Such a continuation would have connected these ancient tunnels with the reputed Rainbow City center in the Antarctic.

I also conjecture that another event may have also happened during the shifting of the earth's crust at that time. Some of my readers may be familiar with the fact that at least one tribe of Indians in the Southwestern United States has a legend of coming from South America.

This legend relates a story of many years ago. The forefathers of the tribe are said to have lived in a large city far to the south. The story even ties the stars in the sky with the Southern Cross. The town may have been Huanaca before the earth shift which raised it above sea level. At any rate the legend asserts that the people of this town in the south, the forefathers of a tribe of American Indians, were driven from their homes by a much more hostile and fierce group of warriors. The remnants of those who fled wandered for a long, long time in underground passages which led to the north. These passages eventually led them to our Southwest, where they emerged and set up tribal life once again.

How these ancient Indians were able to see in the dark does not seem to have been taken into consideration. The question of how these ancient tunnels of the Atlan or Titan were illuminated has long been of interest to those who follow the Shaver Mystery. It has long been considered that the tunnels were lit by a type of atomic light.

Steve Brodie is once again a captive of the subterranean people, if he is still alive! I cannot ask him about this, and I regret that it did not come to mind during the all-too-brief period that I knew him many years ago. I do know, however, that he never mentioned any darkness except in relation to the weird outer space pictures he painted. Light is a funny thing: we accept it as our due and never notice it until it is missing. Perhaps some time in the future we may find one of the entrances to the caves and discover just how they are lighted.

The Maltese Cave Entrance

The Maltese Cave entrance is on the island of Malta. This island is the largest of a group of three islands, in the sea that divides Europe from Africa, the Mediterranean. The little Maltese islands lay well off

the coast of a much larger island, Sicily, halfway between the Libyan seaport of Tripoli and the Calabria of Italy's Calabrese people who are located in the toe of the bootlike formation of Italy.

The three Maltese islands are composed of Gozo, Comino and Malta. They represent one of the smallest archipelagoes in the world, survivors of those remote days when continents were of a different shape. Those pre-cataclysm days when Atlantis and Mu may have existed, the days when there was a land bridge between Europe and Africa. Those days when the entire Mediterranean area was merely a series of large lakes.

Malta is the principal island of the three. It reaches a width of almost nine miles, while it is all of 17½ miles in length. Gozo is not as long as Malta is wide and Comino is almost a dot which separates them. Comino has at times boasted of a total population of 50 people.

Malta is the most southern island, only 180 miles from the African coast. It was an ancient center of civilization at the time when the Phoenicians from Carthage invaded and began to rule it. At that time blood sacrifice was not new to the Maltese and they readily accepted the priests of Moloch as another name for "Baal," the Sun or Fire God. These priests offered up human sacrifices to their god, one who rejoiced in the sacrifice of human victims and the outcries of the victims' parents.

Since the time of the Carthaginians, Malta has had many rulers: Romans, Arabs, Normans, Aragonese, Castillians. Then France ruled the island for a short time before it became the British possession it now is.

However, with all this varied history, and regardless of the many nations who ruled them, the people of those islands still speak the ancient Canaanite, Semitic tongue, the speech of the Phoenicians, and the mother tongue of Queen Dido, who was the founder of Carthage. Malta was the birthplace of Carthage's most famous citizen, the man who made Rome tremble at the height of its power: Hannibal—one of the world's greatest generals.

On the northeast shore of Malta there are a number of large bays. One of these is known as Grand Harbor. This bay has a point of land extending into it upon which the capital of the Maltese Islands, the city of Valletta, is built. A few miles inland from this town toward the south, overlooking the plain which leads to the shore, is a large plateau known as the Corradino. The little village of Casal Paula is built on this

plateau, and from the village one can view Valletta, Grand Harbor, the plain leading to it, and also look out to the sea.

In this small village of Casal Paula during the year 1902 workmen, who were digging a well, literally fell into the earth. They had once again uncovered the outer room of the Maltese Cave entrance. Since the well was to be dug for a house which was on the main street named "Hal Saflieni," and because this first cave was later discovered to be a complex of caves, three of which were a series of chambers excavated out of solid rock on three even lower levels for each chamber, this entrance is known as the "Hypogeum of Hal Saflieni." A hypogeum is the Latin name for an underground structure.

Later this series of underground rooms was discovered to have been located in the middle of an ancient neolithic village. From the construction of the entrance stones, it is now assumed that at certain times a human sacrifice was chained before the entrance. The entrance and the walls and ceilings of some of the passageways and rooms have been found to be decorated with red ochre primitive art designs, but when first discovered the three caves were crammed with as many as 30,000 skeletons of men, women, and children. After all these bones were cleared out, the primitive murals were discovered. They took the forms of diamond shapes, as well as oblated and elongated ovals, all of which were joined together with wavy lines and whirls. These decorations had been created solely from the application of red ochre, by the most primitive of methods.

Once past the entrance, a narrow passageway leads down into the first room. It is in this room, that the "Oracle" may be found. The Oracle is a hemispherical hole in the wall, a hole which is lower than the mouth of an ordinary-sized man. It is about two feet in diameter, and one can speak into it. A curved projection carved out of the back of the cave then acts as a sounding board. The voice is amplified and caused to resound throughout all the other caves. It creates an effect which must have frightened the primitives into sacrificing many of the members of their tribe to the being who spoke with the "Voice of A God."

If you continue down through narrow and low passageways, you come to another room. The center of this room has a circular stone altar with runnels on it, the use of which can only be guessed at. Carved in the walls of this room are many niches, the bases of which are like bunk beds. They have hollows scooped out for the heads and bodies, as well as the feet of four-foot-high individuals and some are

even smaller.

Leading downward from this room is a small, narrow passageway, ending in another even larger underground room, which has narrow slit-like entrances into other small caves which surround it. One opening, however, is a window into another cave, the entrance to which is covered by a huge slab of stone. This window looks down into what was evidently a prison, but how beings only four feet tall were able to manipulate the huge stone slab must remain a mystery.

An opening in the wall opposite the entrance to this cave leads to a passage narrow and tortuous, the entrance to the real caves. This passage ends on a pathway which extends along the side of a vast cleft in the earth, a pathway along the edge of a veritable chasm, a pathway which leads ever downward to the long underground tunnels and series of caves which are reputed to allow one to traverse the entire length of the island and even further.

Legend has it that these passageways at one time connected with the underground crypts from which the Catacombs of Rome were created. This may very well be true; for the reader must remember that the Mediterranean Sea was created after neolithic times by earthquakes and the shifting of the earth's crust. Therefore, while the ancient tunnels may have existed, they might have been closed by cataclysms of this type, with the knowledge of them coming down to us only in legends.

The tunnels under the "Hypogeum" have been sealed off ever since a school teacher took 30 students into the caves and disappeared, guide and all. It was stated that the walls caved in on them. Search parties were never able to locate any trace of these people.

It has been asserted that for weeks the wailing and screaming of children was heard underground in different parts of the island, but no one could locate the source of the sound. If the walls caved in, why the cave-in could not be found and excavated to free the children remains a mystery.

How the children could live to scream for weeks later is another involved puzzle. At any rate, the underground entrance to the caves in Malta has been sealed off, and nobody is allowed to investigate the site.

Chapter Eight: The Truth About the Shaver Mystery: The Shaver-Palmer Debate

EDITOR'S NOTE: Over the years, I had received many letters asking me to have Richard S. Shaver, once and for all time, tell us how much of the original Shaver material in *Amazing Stories* was his and how much of it was from the pen of Ray Palmer.

Several years before his untimely death, Shaver gave the answer. In response, Ray Palmer set forth his side of the story. We believe this debate between Shaver and Palmer is of great interest, and of phenomenal importance for an overall evaluation of the Mystery itself, and that it should settle many controversies about this aspect of the Shaver Mystery for all time.

And now since Shaver and Palmer have left us, this debate takes on historical importance as well.

Richard S. Shaver:

Many people have continually asked for my account of how Ray Palmer changed my stories over the years. This subject is a painful one for me because I like Ray Palmer. Yet there has always been this friction about the main message.

It is true that from the very first, Palmer has confused this thing. My first story was named "A Warning to Future Man," and it is a terribly-needed warning. It is a known fact that the deros have killed us off before and will again. It behooves us to take what measures we can against them, for, as a mass, mankind doesn't even know they exist.

Palmer called this warning "I Remember Lemuria," and while he often says he wrote three quarters of it, or gives that impression, the truth is he did not writing anything in it but a few paragraphs that managed to change the whole story from one of strict factual background to one of misty psychic remembering which was not my intention at all.

No, Palmer does not now, nor did he ever, write any of my stories. In fact, I seldom approved of what changes he did make, such as chopping off an ending or putting in a few paragraphs of his own which would often slant the entire message the wrong way.

In my opinion, this has not been so much intentional as unavoidable, because of his own fixed thoughts about spirits, reincarnation, etc. Much of this thought is due to tampering of his thinking which has always been intense for the sole purpose of keeping up the "stone curtain" behind which the deros hide.

My purpose was to tear DOWN that curtain, and Palmer unconsciously aided them in keeping up the curtain. This is something you cannot blame him for, because it was so obviously the work of mind-tampering deros. There was no way to get this fact across to him, because of his own condition of being under their ray.

This is not just Palmer's trouble; witness the work of A. Merritt. He had to put the whole thing into the fictional framework and what he meant to say about the facts of the thing never came out at all. I always figured I was lucky to have Palmer, because he did let me put in footnotes to emphasize the factual nature of the background, and he did let me say a few things about the actual peril of all mankind from the caverns under us.

So I can't belly ache too much about his editorializing, which so many call riding the fence or doubletalking, because they don't understand that Palmer is merely trying to soften the blow, or sugar coat the sour pill of truth. He does this to make the entire thing more acceptable to those people he thinks he understands better than we do. This takes in the various spiritualist, occult and religious groups we are all familiar with. I always wanted to hit them on the nose with the FACT that spiritualistic phenomena, while they are actual enough, are a smoke-screen thrown up to hide the truth. Palmer always wanted to slide this across unnoticed so that he would not offend any of his readers.

That is the main difference that comes out in Palmer's writings.

Many times in conversations with me, Palmer would like to say he "made" me, always hinting that writers can be "made" by editors whether they had any talent or not. I always took this as a way of avoiding any attempts to get more money, and as a means of bolstering his ego. I never realized that readers were under the impression I didn't even exist, and that Palmer wrote everything under my name. And I don't like that impression!

I was raised as a writer, more or less accidentally. My brother was well known as a writer in *Boys Life* and similar magazines when I was still in my teens. My mother was a well-known poet in many slick magazines. She also wrote a great many "confession" stories, strictly for the money and not for the byline, which never appears.

So I picked up writing at my mother's knee, as it were, with the click clacking of those early typewriters.

Palmer did not "make" me, though he may like to think so. I was a writer and a good one before I ever ran into Palmer and would have done well under another editor, maybe better. I avoided writing because I knew more about the painful discouragement of such a life and the utter backache and lack of any security such as a regular job can give.

The day of the free lance writer is over. He went out with the advent of TV. Today, most writers are stable writers, with some particular collar around their neck. They belong to a staff of some magazine, with desks and assignments.

I don't believe that anyone can get something like "The Shaver Mystery" published today because of the dero influence upon the minds of editors and publishers. I give Palmer ALL the credit, and he deserves it, for the courage to go ahead against what he must have realized were factual enemies who could have his life and job.

They got his job, even though Ziff-Davis had to move to New York to do it. They tried for his life several times, so let's not underrate Palmer's courage.

Few people honestly realize the terrible grip of the dero minds in high places. I understand this "slant" of Palmer's because I have observed it for years, not only in him, but among high political figures. Privately, they hear voices and take the advice of spirits (take Hitler as an example), though publicly they don't dare admit it.

You have to remember that HELL has been here, right under our feet, an actual place full of actual degenerate and evil creatures which

have our utter destruction at heart.

The HELL that we hear about is an actual fact. The deros are Devil's DEVILS, and not any figment of the past.

HELL is an actual place of stone and flesh and blood and ancient devices built by people who were next to immortal in that early time before the deluge.

Raymond A. Palmer:

It is indeed a strange thing that Shaver and Palmer should be on opposite sides of the fence—and this is what Shaver says in his comment in this date. However, I do not expect that what will result could properly be called a debate. I am not taking either the affirmative or negative. I will merely give my side of the story. Necessarily, according to Shaver, this will be a distorted picture, because of the fact that whatever I say will be the result of "mind tampering deros."

First, Shaver says he likes Ray Palmer. This is certainly true, and to say that Ray Palmer likes Richard Shaver is also true. There never lived a more brilliant man, nor a more educated mind. The vast knowledge that exists in Shaver's grey matter is incredible. It has always amazed me, and left me gasping. It was only when I discovered its source that the amazement left me, and might have been replaced by a bit of something else—perhaps an urge to be able to tap that source more fully myself. As a friend, as a confidant, as someone to talk to with full play of intelligence, Richard cannot be matched. Friends? You can be sure of that!

But unlike Shaver, this friendship is not a "painful" one. I am under no delusions of his intent, his sincerity, his honesty. They are all impeccable. And obviously this painful factor is due to one single thing: whether or not Ray Palmer wrote any of the Shaver material, and how he changed it, so that what Shaver deemed most important to tell the world was thus subverted and rendered vastly less effective than it might have been. It is certainly true that nobody likes to be frustrated. It is a terrible thing to know that you have a "great, important, vital message" to give the world, and someone's activities nullify it to a large extent. Shaver was certainly understandable when he expressed his disappointment. But it has not been "friction." It has been a matter of necessity. To make this clear, we must go back to the beginning.

Shaver's first manuscript was entitled, as he says, "A Warning To Future Man." It was written entirely by Mr. Shaver. It was 10,000 words

long. As I published it in *Amazing Stories,* it was titled "I Remember Lemuria!" and was 31,000 words long. I started with the first word of page one, and I took a factual presentation, written exactly in the style of this article by Shaver you have just read, and I turned it into a "story" suitable for publication in a fiction magazine. I added dialogue, so that Mutan Mion, Arl, and all the other characters mentioned, actually spoke and moved and breathed in the account, rather than seemed to be statistics in a deadly serious presentation. In the first place, I was responsible for the financial success of a fiction magazine. There would have been no possible way to present "A Warning To Future Man" in the magazine without incurring the wrath of the owners of the magazine. Under no stretch of imagination could that original 10,000 word manuscript have been said to be a "story," in the sense that it had action, dialogue, romance, intrigue, plot, suspense and whatever else a good action story in a pulp magazine must have. Nor was Shaver averse to having the editor make these changes, if it was the only way the message could be gotten across. Further, there is a difference between a sale and a reject, and Shaver, as he says, was a writer, and expected recompense for his work.

I will submit that it cannot be precisely true that Shaver wrote "I Remember Lemuria!", at least some 21,000 words of it. I must have added those words. I say added, because that is essentially what I did, but I cannot say that I did not also change the original 10,000 words. Remember, they were entirely without dialogue. The published story was almost entirely dialogue. However, in making these word changes, I did not change the sense of the story, not the message. What Shaver wanted told to the world was told. What I did was try to find my own explanation for the source of the information. This was done by having a conference with Mr. Davis, who was the publisher of *Amazing Stories.* He absolutely forbade stating that this was a story written by a man who had been beneath the earth in caves, in a hollow earth. It is a scientific fact, said he, that the Earth's interior is molten rock and metal, under tremendous pressure, and such things as livable caverns at depths of 400 miles and more were contrary to fact. One of the prime requisites of stories published in *Amazing Stories* was that they be based on fact. That fact could be carried forward logically to future theory, but it had to be BASED on fact. And to start with a provable falsity was to teach young readers false science, and that would not be tolerated. The whole purpose of science fiction was to project present fact

into future possibility, in an entertaining way.

I hit upon the idea of calling it racial memory. Now, this is not a thing unheard of in scientific circles, and certainly sufficient upon which to base a story. So. Mr. Davis agreed to this. But he was very firm in saying the story could not possibly be true. If we were so brash as to say the story (as Shaver maintained) was a translation of "imperishable metal plates engraved by a certain Mutan Mion 12,000 years ago," what would we do if someone demanded to see the plates? Mr. Davis did not want to be placed in so ridiculous a position. Besides, he was against telling lies; and obviously Ray Palmer must know it would be a lie to say such plates were the source of Mr. Shaver's warning. But racial memory—that was something else again.

There you have it: I presented the story as racial memory for that reason—but I did something else; I believed Shaver and because I believed him (and I had many reasons, among them a lifetime of my own in the same fields of study, such as mythology, as those Shaver had investigated so thoroughly), I labeled the story TRUE!

What happened I've told you before. Mr. Davis took the magazine home to read, and came to work the next morning furious. He called both myself and Howard Browne, my associate editor into his office, and there was no doubt of his anger. Only one thing was preventing him from firing us, and that was the fact that we were going to retract every word in the next issue, and admit we were wrong in calling this the truth, and further, we were never to buy another word from Shaver.

I remember that I had gambled on one thing that I hoped would happen as Mr. Shaver said it would. He had asked the cave people to contact our circulation director via telaug, and "inspire" him, as though it was his own idea, to increase the distribution of *Amazing Stories* for that one issue by 50,000 copies, in spite of the fact that this was wartime, and paper was rationed, and to do this, we had to "steal" the paper from such magazines as *Popular Photography, Flying, Radio News,* etc. The clincher had been when the circulation director, without any contact with me or Shaver, had strictly on his own idea, originated in his own head, increased the distribution of the magazine by precisely 50,000 copies "on a hunch." Now all I had to have was a sell-out of those extra 50,000 copies! So, I simply asked Mr. Davis to get the circulation director on the phone and ask him what the sales were. Bear in mind that I had just taken a verbal lacing that had included the positive statement that Mr. Davis knew that we would suffer a disas-

trous drop in circulation because of this statement on our cover that the story was true. So, it was with almost a look of glee that Mr. Davis picked up the phone to get the figures that would fire me—because he had asked me if I was willing to risk my own job on whether they had gone up or down (and he knew they couldn't go up, because wartime sales were sellouts, and had been for monthlies—how could we increase sales already 100%). I had agreed that if the sales had dropped, I would clear out my desk and leave.

The rest is history. *Amazing Stories* sold 50,000 extra copies that month, and for four years, without fail, maintained that increase, until the day Mr. Ziff, the senior partner, at the orders of the gentlemen from the Pentagon, killed the now-famous "Shaver Mystery." With that issue the sales dropped 50,000, and never sold them again! (*Editor's Note:* Although *Amazing Stories* is still being published, it has gone through a procession of new owners, and has never approached the circulation levels achieved back in the mid-1940s when the Shaver Mystery was featured.)

Naturally, money talks. And that kind of money talked very loudly to Mr. Davis. I left that office with carte blanche. No one, but no one, could interfere with Ray Palmer. He was immune to criticism, even by the most imposing of a whole crew of vice presidents. All he had to do was be very sure nobody else got Richard Shaver and his Mystery away from *Amazing Stories!*

That is the story of how "I Remember Lemuria!" came to be published, and why Mr. Shaver should have been "pained" has always been a mystery to me. I doubt if he knows even today what I staked on him, and how I went to bat for him, and the risks I took.

It was not a "misty psychic remembering" that Ray Palmer believed in, with his "spirits" that sabotaged "A Warning To Future Man"—it was sheer necessity, the ONLY way to publish the warning. Without this, it would have died right there, and nobody would ever have heard of it.

Shaver says he is a writer. True. And a very fine one. Some of his stories were letter perfect. Others were—well, never mind; how can one man write dozens of different styles and be unaware of it? How can he write a story in "old English" and not be aware of it? But it is my opinion that he could never have sold any of his Mystery to another publisher. As a matter of fact, he submitted many of them, all over the field, before taking the last resort, me. I knew all the time that many of

his stories had been the rounds, because the other editors told me about it often, over a cup of coffee in Greenwich Village on my frequent trips to New York, where I would visit my editor friends and writers. There was one invariable comment—"How can you accept manuscripts in such unrevised form and pay your regular rates?" I would invariably reply that I had an advantage over them—they were editors who could not write; I was a writer who could also edit. Thus, I could do revisions on his original manuscripts and make them acceptable to the front office.

Naturally, it is here that my "chopping off endings" and inserting "paragraphs of his own" came in. I had to remain "neutral." I couldn't be the one who said Shaver spoke truth, because after all, I didn't know the truth, and Mr. Davis would have no editor of his being loose with the truth. But if 50,000 readers wrote me letters saying Shaver spoke truth (and they did!), these letters were FACTS, and could be published, and nobody could accuse Ziff-Davis-Palmer of perpetrating a fraud. All we were doing was what any good reporter would do—report the facts. It was a fact that 50,000 people wrote us and stated that Shaver spoke the truth, there actually were caves, and dero, and rays, and stim, and contrived train wrecks, and mental control, and thought records, and Titans, and ancient space ships, and radioactive death raining down on us from the sun.

No, I did not "make" Shaver. His writing ability is unquestioned. But I did make the Mystery! Without my handling of the whole thing, it would have died with the initial manuscript. And all through the years I dug more and more out of Shaver, inspired him to write more and more, and much of it was admittedly fiction. I asked him to take one of Edgar Rice Burroughs' novels, paraphrase the plot, the dialogue, the action, and write a good action novel in strict imitation—but to insert his own "cavern" atmosphere, and all through this story, insert his little bits of "truth." Yes, I gave my readers "sugar-coated" information. I gave them tons of it. I kept it going for four years, and reached millions of people, not just a few hundred thousand—because after all, Shaver told almost all he knew in his original 10,000 words. He had very little more to say, except to tie up mythology, old books, science new and science forgotten. All this would be repetitious and dry. It was up to the reader of that original "warning" to investigate for himself, and learn of the great "secret" underworld. I had to keep repeating the message in more than 50 consecutive issues of *Amazing Stories* by constantly urg-

ing Shaver to write action stories with plots I would furnish, and throw in his "Mystery" in each one. It had to be palatable!

Today, many Shaverisms are part of Webster's Dictionary. People the world over know what a dero is, a tero, and telaug, and stim, and so many other things. The publicity has been enormous. Even the flying saucers are recognized as first appearing in Shaver's stories as predictions. Just as everybody believed I was actually Shaver, the Air Force believed I had created the "flying saucer hoax"—until they found out it was no hoax, and my forecast of any issue proving the saucers were real stirred them to the necessity of instant action to prevent it. The saucer issue and Shaver were dead from that moment on.

Believe me! Shaver believes every word he says! And so do I! But I cannot accept Mr. Shaver's explanation of how he arrived at the conclusion that the caves were the origin of the voices that first began to talk to him over his welding gun. He DEDUCED the whole thing. The voices gave him the information, but the origin of the voices was a deduction! Shaver was in the caves, all right, but only in a way that he explains as "when I pinched myself, it hurt—and my stay in the caves was that way; if I were not there, then I myself am not real!" And I can understand that, because Shaver is not unique in this—I know others who went through the same experience. Yet, I know that the "pinch test" is no good, because it is impossible to tell by the hurt or lack of hurt, because of DOES hurt. That leaves you with only one logical conclusion.

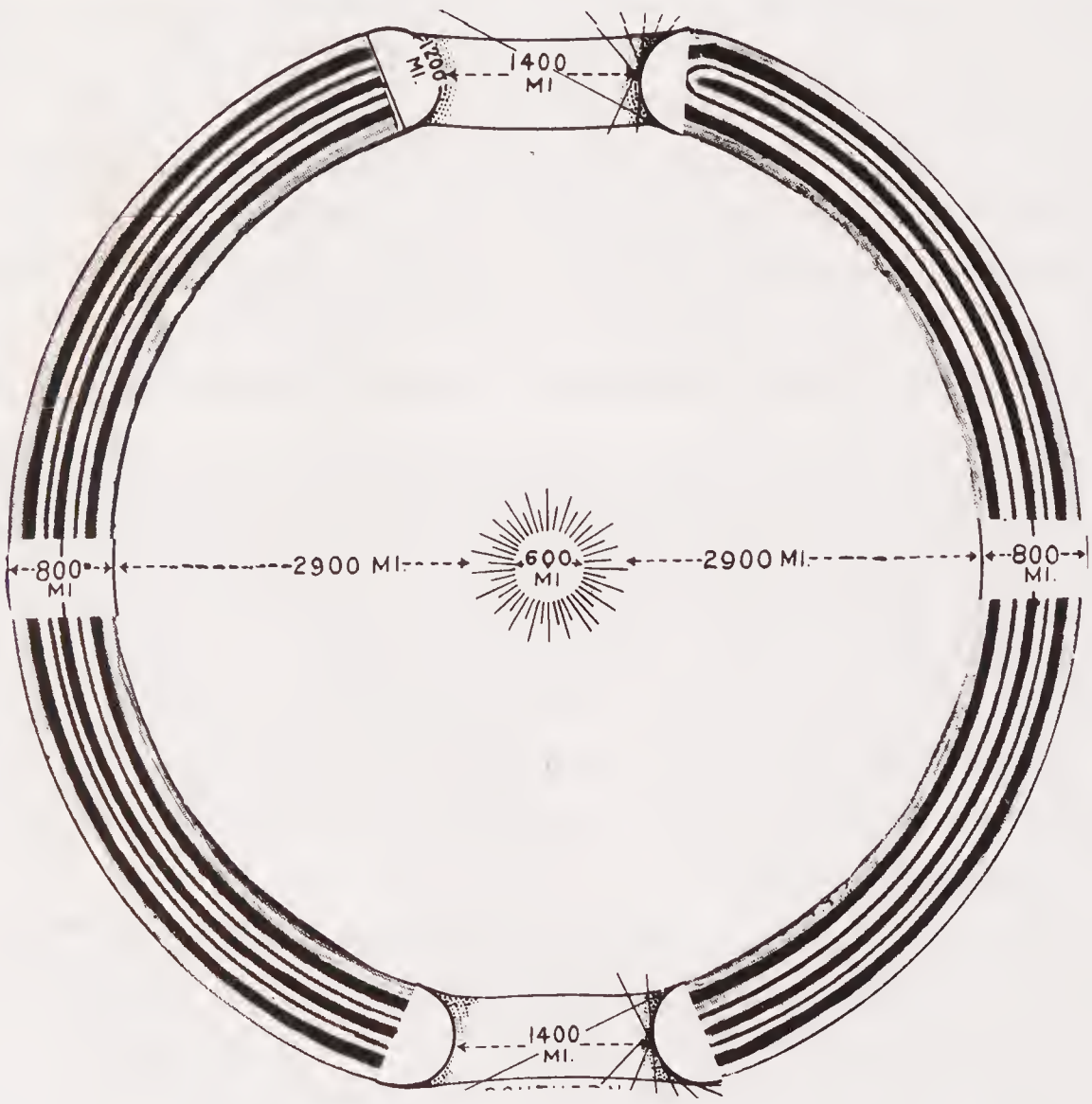
Shaver says I hear voices, and they lie to me, and say they are spirits. I say Shaver hears voices, and they lie to him and say they are living people in caves under his feet. The fact is, I don't hear voices. Not that I have not heard them (I did, in Shaver's house in Pennsylvania), I have also heard them in my dreams. Shaver has a vast respect for the "dream makers," and so do I. I would consider my life half wasted if it were not for whatever it is that makes me dream. Wonderful dreams, terrible dreams, all kinds of dreams.

But since 1944, when I first contacted Shaver, I have yet to find one inhabited cave, and one bit of mech dug up. I have had strange machines pointed out to me, such as the strange machine dredged up from the Aegean Sea, which was said to be thousands of years old, but could not have been so old, because the science that built such things is as modern as today's television. These are certainly fascinating mysteries, and they may or may not be relics of the ancient Titans and

Atlans, but they are NOT proof of TODAY'S dero!

Shaver says the dero were factual enemies who would have my job, or my life. They didn't get my job, I quit that voluntarily. But they did nearly get my life! I live a life of perpetual and terrible pain that never leaves me for a second—and why? Because I am Richard Shaver's friend, because I believe him, because his message is important, and because there is no other way to tell the truth.

Shaver is angry with me because he did not get as much money out of his Mystery, his writing ability, as he thinks he should have. He thinks I have robbed him. He thinks I have coined wealth, while he has lived in poverty. He believes me to be "dero," and to him I am dero. He resents me because his message has not resulted in what he wants so fervently, the destruction of the dero, the access of mankind to the wonderful science and machines of the ancients, and life everlasting on an unpoisoned planet far from our detrimental sun.



Some researchers believe that the inner earth can be reached via entrances to the North and South Poles and that there is a central sun at the core of our world.

Chapter Nine: Green Children of Wulfpeters

If as Shaver claims, various races of people live underground, it is only reasonable that they should emerge upon occasion. The most famous case involved the discovery of two subsurface children in the year 1100, in the small English town of Wulfpeters. The entire story is related in *Chronicon Anglicarum*, by Abbot Ralph, of the nearby community of Coggeshall. We quote this text as follows:

"This boy and girl, brother and sister, came out of holes at Mt. Mary de Wulfpeters, next to the edge of a pit found there. They had all the members, like those of other men; but in the color of the skin they differed from all other mortals of earth. For the surface of their skin none could understand. At that time, weeping inconsolably, they were taken, out of astonishment, to the house of Richard de Calne at Wikes. Bread and other food was placed before them; but they would not eat, and indeed, with great hunger from fasting, they were a long time tormented, because, as the girl afterwards confessed, that all that food could not be consumed by them. However, at last, beans cut off or torn from stalks, were brought to the house and they fell on them with great avidity. So now those beans were given to them and they broke open the beanstalks, not the pod or shell of the beans, evidently supposing that the beans were contained in the hollows of the stalks. But not finding beans within the stalks they again began to weep, which, when the bystanders noticed, they opened the shells and showed them the beans themselves. Whereupon, with great joyfulness, they ate beans for a long time, entirely, and would touch no other food. The boy, however, grew weaker and weaker, and died in a short period of time. The

girl, indeed, always enjoying good food and growing accustomed to whatever food one was pleased to set before her, completely lost the green color of her skin and by degrees regained the normal red-blooded condition of the body. And after being regenerated by the holy waters of baptism, for many years remained in the service of the soldier, aforesaid, as from the same soldier and his family we often heard. She showed herself very wanton and lascivious. Indeed asked frequently about the men of her own country, she affirmed that all who dwelt in her land, or had lived there, were colored green, and no sun was perceived there, but that a brightness or shining such as would happen after sunset was visible at all times. Asked in what manner she had come from the land with the boy, she replied that they were following sheep and arrived at a certain cavern. On entering it they heard a certain delectable sound of bells and, in trying to reach the sweet sound, they wandered for a very long time through the cavern until they came to its end. Thence, emerging, the excessive brightness of our sun and the unwonted, warm temperature of our air astonished and terrified them. For a long time they lay upon the edge of the cave. When overcome with disquietude, they wished to flee, but they could not in the least find the entrance to the cavern, until they were seized by the people of the countryside."

According to Fortean researcher Pippa Braybrook, bones of strange giant beings were uncovered in 1904 by J.C. Brown in the slopes of the Cascade Mountains. These Mountains run from Northern California to British Colombia, bypassing the Mt. Shasta area, known for its many weird mysteries. The bones were uncovered in an ancient tunnel cut into solid rock, "lined with tempered copper and hung with shields and wall pieces made of gold." Other rooms deeper in the tunnel contained similar objects, some carved with drawings and hieroglyphics comparable with Churchward's Lemurian art.

We are told that Brown left this treasure go unclaimed for 30 years. In 1934 he attempted to recover these ancient works. Friends claim that when they last saw him he was ascending into this area with supplies enough to last him for a month. He was never seen again.

More recently, a married couple looking for rock paintings, in the Casa Diablo area just north of Bishop, California, came upon a circular hole in the ground about nine feet in diameter which exuded a sulphurous steam. A few feet from the surface, the shaft took a tangent course which looked easily accessible. The plucky pair descended and

found the oblique tunnel opened into a horizontal corridor whose dripping walls, though now encrusted with minerals, could have been carved only by human hands. The light of their flashlight was turned to a corner in which a delicate carved face was visible! While they gazed at it water began flooding into the cave from unseen ducts and they heard a weird music which seemed to be coming from another world. When they emerged, the water made the tunnel entrance look like a pool on the desert floor. A perfect camouflage to hide the remains of possible "mech" devised, according to Shaver, by races living underground.

Artist Gene Duplantier indicates his belief that UFOs are using underground bases as a "way station" while visiting our planet.

Chapter Ten: Cavern Monsters Come A Calling

There are various spots around the world which have repeatedly been the scene of supposed "underworld" activity. Every so often something not quite natural happens which make Shaver students suspect that the Dero or some other inner-earth creatures are at loose, roaming about on the surface. They are hideous to behold with their freakish looks, and distorted bodies, caused by exposure to radiation over the centuries. This is often why people who see them refer to them as "monster" or "Apemen."

Their reasons for appearing at times are often mysterious. Some apparently mean no harm, coming to the surface only to gather needed food and supplies.

Others come to kill and kidnap and to gather humans for slavery and certain sadistic ventures which are not suitable for discussion here.

One of these areas where such creatures are often seen is believed to exist in the Mt. St. Helens area of Washington State (near Chelatchie). Here for the past 75 years, weird beings, described as being ape-like, with long hair covering their face and entire body have been observed by employees of the International Paper Company and other long-time residents. The "Apemen's" home lair supposedly lies in the vicinity of that company's Chelatchie Woodlands office. The creatures hole up by day in caves in Ape Canyon and in the evening roam the St. Helens wilds.

Among the more highly publicized incidents was an event that reportedly occurred in 1924 in isolated Ape Canyon, where a few min-

ers fought it out with a band of savage creatures. The miners supposedly shot one of the hairy brutes, but had to fleet after a night attack by the "apes" who heaved large boulders through the roof of their cabin in the canyon.

Following this incident the "great ape hunt of 1924" took place, with people from Portland to Seattle joining in huge groups. They combed the woods shooting at anything that moved. Tracks of the creatures have turned up intermittently. And some prints such as those found at nearby Spirit Lake in 1930 almost match prints discovered last year. In both cases the prints were approximately 18 inches long, eight inches wide and whatever made them took four to six-foot strides. From the depth of the prints, it was estimated that the creatures weighed about 1000 pounds!

Not so many years thereafter, a group of Boy Scouts were reportedly attacked by these creatures, and several of the boys were taken off the mountain, hysterical from the frightening affair.

Even the Indians of the area won't go near certain locations because they say that "demons" stalk the night air looking for blood.

Veteran woodsmen also report that on clear days they can hear weird, high-pitched whistling sounds coming from the crevices. It has been speculated that this is "the apes talking to each other."

Deep rumblings from the canyon are frequently heard by the loggers "as if rocks were being rolled down the canyon walls by SOMETHING."

A few loggers claim they've seen shadows of large figures moving along the edge of Pine Creek Glacier above the Canyon. And some report mysterious slayings of big game such as bear and elk.

One close look at the "whatsit" came during the latter part of the summer of 1963. A Portland couple fishing in a boat on the Lewis River—directly downstream from Mt. St. Helens and quite near civilization—sighted a 10-foot-tall, beige-colored creature in the brush along the stream. As soon as it was seen the creature rushed back into the thick undergrowth. After that incident, local inhabitants started looking over their shoulders when they went outside.

All this, as printed above, exists on record in the state of Washington. In fact, much of it is taken directly from the *Western Conservation Journal* which can certainly be termed a reliable publication not prone to flights of fancy.

The Jersey Devil

Having been a resident of the Garden State all my life, this writer is quite familiar with the various "myths" and "legends" concerning caverns and the beings which are said to inhabit them in New Jersey. In fact, we sometimes take the late John J. Robinson's comment regarding the dero situated directly under New Brunswick quite seriously. However, we have had it from reliable sources that they are quickly being weeded out by a band of tero which have moved in in recent years, since we started writing about both the Shaver Mystery and UFOs.

New Jersey does have its own "demon" who is blamed for almost every disaster to strike the state. He is known as the Jersey Devil and is said to lurk in caves along Leeds Point, not far from Atlantic City—home of the Miss America beauty contest. We cannot claim, however, that this is a classical example of Beauty and the Beast. For our Jersey Devil is no contest winner—at least to residents of this area, who tell of his prankish deeds which include killing farm animals, tearing freshly washed clothing from lines and wreaking havoc on the total populace. According to historian Bill Augustine, the "Devil" is said to appear "When the Atlantic Ocean churns wildly and heavy fogs shroud the coastline."

In the latter part of the 1890s, several businessmen offered a reward of $10,000 for the capture of this creature—dead or alive. A comparable modern-day reward would be well into six figures!

Many taking part in the monster hunt reportedly observed the Jersey Devil and said that it had horns, hooves and a tail. During winter, his glowing eyes could be seen plainly against the new fallen snow, and his cloven footprints visible evidence he was no figment of the imagination. On a number of occasions, he would greet a lovely miss on a deserted road, only to have her flee in fright. Around 1910, he was seen by two news reporters in the mountains near West Orange. Once a favorite spot for young lovers and picnickers, it was soon deserted.

From existing records, apparently the "Devil" did not reappear in the state until 1952, when weird "animal" tracks, thought to be the result of his prowling, were found in Burlington County. Authorities later stated that a prankster using a "bear's foot on the end of a stick" had confessed that he had caused the tracks. But those who knew the myths and legends surrounding the "Devil" still uphold the belief that he was the culprit.

As one old timer put it:

"When he is out on the war path there can be no question as to who did it...his mark is all too indelible. And he is due to return SOON."

The Nahanni Valley

Another place where these beings reportedly exist is in the Nahanni Valley of Canada. Here perhaps is one of the most mysterious spots in the world, supposedly inhabited by creatures directly out of Shaver's cavern world.

Again I must rely on the papers left to me by John J. Robinson's estate, for he did considerable research on this region through the years. His findings are most interesting, so I will print his entire report —without editing—below.

• • •

The Nahanni Valley is a warm mist covered valley of an area of close to 250 square miles. It is located in the southern end of the Mackenzie Mountains of Canada. It also lies almost 550 miles due west of Fort Simpson on the Mackenzie River of northwest Canada.

This portion of northwest Canada is above the 60° latitude which is in the same latitude as is the Yukon Territory. This portion of the northland becomes very cold in the winter, however the valley never becomes as cold as the surrounding country. Hot springs and sulphur geysers are plentiful in the valley; therefore the valley is covered by mist, while the temperature always remains at least a good 30 degrees above normal. The foliage and trees in the valley remain verdant during the entire year while the growth is heavier than in the surrounding section.

Strange as it may seem, this warm area in a region which becomes bitter cold is not inhabited by anything but the animals who seek warmth during those cold winter months. Even though the valley is rich in fur-bearing animals, it is reported that trappers will not follow the animals into this valley nor trap in it.

The Indian tribes there avoid it and the list is an impressive one, for it includes the Ojibways, the Slave, the Dogribs, the Stoney, the Beavers and the Chipweyans.

The Nahanni Valley, we must understand, is not a veritable tropical paradise in the midst of the white wastes of Canada. No prehistoric monsters; leftovers from the Cretaceous or Jurassic periods of the late

Mesozoic age, roam this section. Pterodactyl do not soar above it, nor do Coelacanthe reside in the run-offs of the hot springs and geysers. No Neanderthal nor Cro Magnon men are resident, the Yeti (Abominable Snowmen), Bigfoot, or the Sasquatch do not hunt this valley. Legends have so claimed, but none have ever been seen.

True, huge footprints have been found imprinted in the former sandy soil which is now shale, and in other types of prehistoric rock.

Why then do not humans who live near this valley take advantage of its warmth, as the animals do; why do humans eschew its comfort in the cold winter months?

Because of one reason: the valley is known as "The Valley of Headless Men." Although no one or anything has been seen in this valley, those who were foolhardy enough to enter it in search of gold, said to exist there in abundance, have been found by various search parties (who were never molested) as cadavers minus their heads, or I should state, as skeletons minus a skull.

The few very bold white fur hunters who have gone into the valley and returned with rich catches, could never be persuaded to go the second time. They said that the utter loneliness of the country, the eternal mists, which "make you see things which are not there," along with the feeling that something was watching you was just too much to take again. The Indians cannot be persuaded to enter the valley; they act as if there were some unseen and unknown force in it which it is best to fear.

Some headstrong and now headless seekers of gold have entered this valley. The list of those who lost their heads for the gold in the Nahanni Valley include the following: Two brothers, William and Frank Macleod; John Potter, a prospector who was strong, tough, and experienced (he was found a year later by a search party, minus his head with an exploded cartridge in the rifle which the bones of his hand still clutched). Examinations showed that he had not starved to death; he still had a cache of food. He had merely lost the means of taking it—HIS HEAD.

Later a fearless sourdough came from the Yukon Territory. Undaunted by the tales of danger, he set off into the valley. When he had not returned after two years, a search party located his remains, minus a head, with cans of food in a knapsack.

Two more men who entered the valley at later dates have also been found by searching parties, both headless corpses. One thing

which stands out in all the deaths which have occurred in this valley is that those persons who entered the valley in search of anything which related to the earth or under the earth have been found decapitated. Search parties and bold trappers who were not interested in anything which lay below the surface were not molested.

There is something in this valley which the Indians fear—some unknown something related to the underground which maintains the secret of "The Valley of the Headless Men."

Readers are probably wondering if there have been causes where humans have been attacked by such creatures in or near populated areas. The answer is yes, although the cases have been few. What was perhaps the most bizarre incident occurred on November 8, 1958, in Riverside, California. Here Charlie Wetzel, then 24 years of age, was attacked by a creature which jumped in front of his car late that evening.

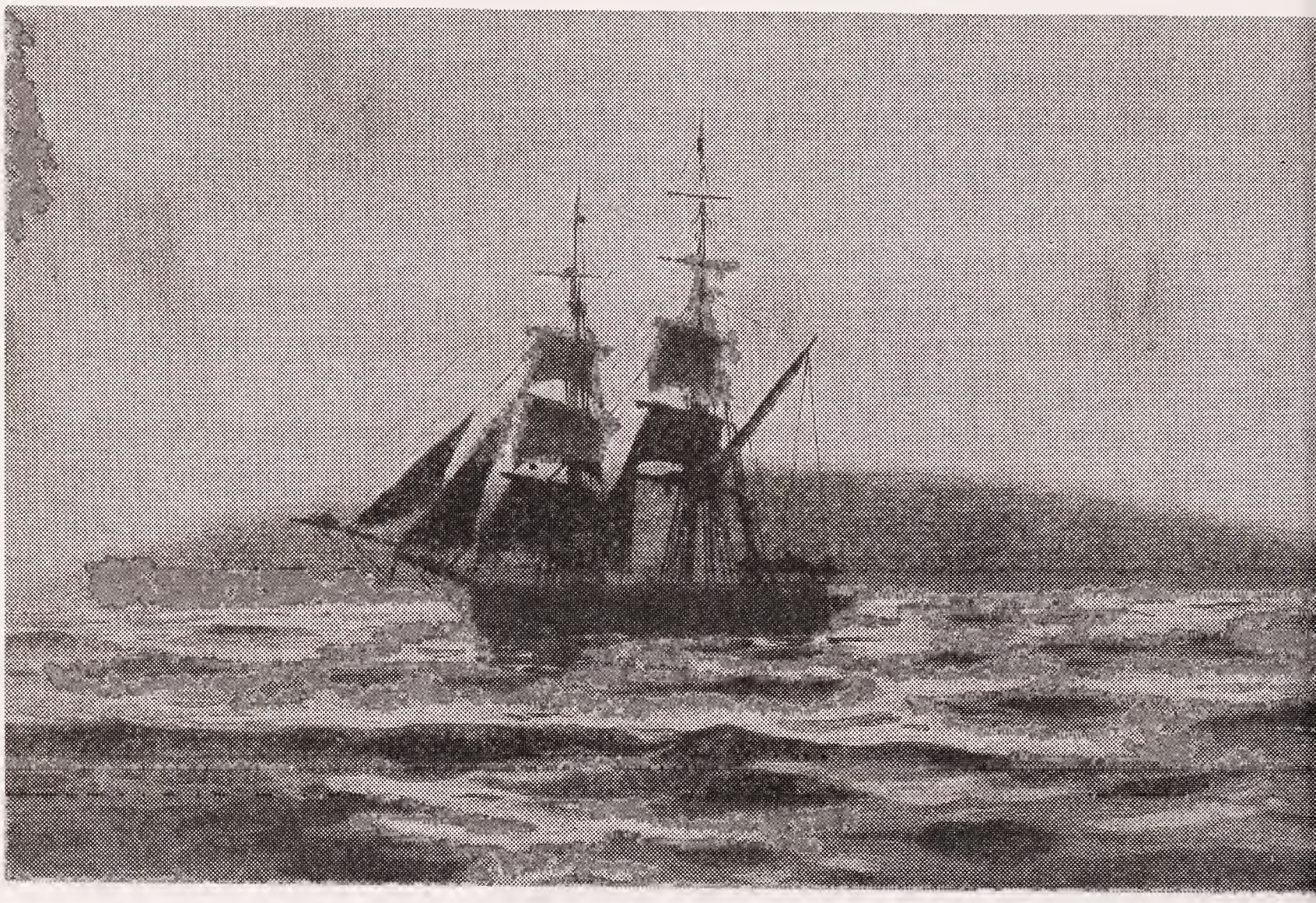
He told newsmen that "It had a round scarecrowish head like something out of Halloween. It wasn't human. It had a longer arm than anything I'd ever seen. When it saw me in the car it reached all the way back to the windshield and began clawing at me. It didn't have any ears. The face was all round. The eyes were shining like something fluorescent and it had a protuberant mouth. It was scaly, like leaves."

As the creature jumped for the windshield of the auto, Wetzel reached for his .22 pistol which he was carrying at the time, and immediately stomped on the gas. He then said that "The thing fell back from the car and it gurgled! The noise it made didn't sound at all human. I think I hit it. I heard something hit the pan under the car."

Proof of the pudding was the fact that Wetzel's windshield exhibited signs of the attack. Long sweeping scratch marks could be easily seen all over the glass.

In an even more recent case Christine Van Acker of Monroe, Michigan claims that her car was jumped by a seven-foot being in August, 1965. With her in the car was her mother. Both were near hysterical when found alongside the road by police officers.

In this particular instance, a nearby atomic power plant was suspected of causing a mutation in an animal or man. To Shaver fans, it was obvious that this was one of those hidden cavern creatures out checking on radiation which might have been leaking into his underground chambers.



It was not uncommon for sailors at sea to report a mysterious aerial glow near the entranceways at the North and South Poles.

Chapter Eleven: The Little People

In Irish folk lore, they're called Leprechauns; among other nationalities they are known as fairies or elves. But no matter who sees them, they are described as being basically the same in appearance. Ranging in size from a foot high to slightly more than 3½ feet tall, they are often either curious about what certain surface dwellers are doing or concentrate on being downright bothersome at times.

Shaver fans say that they are both projections from the caves and (in a few rare instances) actually physically teleported to the surface by teleport mech. And although they are extremely small in number today, they thrived for many centuries until the Dero went on a wild rampage, killing them and destroying their various mechanical devices. The few that are still with us today do not attempt any contact with the surface as in the past. Otherwise their presence would be discovered by Dero and destroyed. This is one reason why reports of their appearance are not so frequent today as in the past.

This is not to say that our files do not contain reports of their appearances, for this is not the case. In fact, it would probably require an entire book in itself to discuss all the observations made of these little people from historical records.

For example, Barbara King (name changed for obvious reasons) of Louisville, Kentucky, told one of our investigators that when she was a little girl (about 9 years old) she had been listening to her radio (1947) when she was quite startled to see five little men seated on a chair in her room.

Barbara said she looked at them, and in turn they stared right back into her eyes and she seemed to be paralyzed for a moment. She said she felt self-conscious watching these five men and looked around

the room to see if anyone else was in the room with her to act as a second witness. When she turned back to the chair, a matter of seconds later, they were gone. She felt peculiar and then talked with her brother and father about what she had seen. Her father said it was her imagination and her brother thought she was crazy. Because of their attitude she didn't tell anyone else about it. As a matter of fact, she wanted to believe that it was, indeed, just her imagination.

Barbara did talk about it another time however. This was five years later when her younger sister, Grace, came down from her bedroom and complained to her mother that she wanted her to get those three little men who were on her bed. Of course her mother ignored her but Barbara asked her sister if they had been there when she left her room. She replied that they were. The two ran up the stairs only to find the room empty.

Our investigator, discussing the event with Miss King (since married), got a pretty good description of the men. They were about a foot high, they were sitting, but she noticed that they had on gray suits. She explained that the suits were all one piece like coveralls, although she didn't know at the time of her observation what coveralls were. Their complexions were very white or pale and their eyes were black, deep and staring.

The King family moved out of the house (located on Main Street) soon thereafter, although not for this reason. Their father had found a better job elsewhere.

We are told that there are a number of cavern entrances near this property and it has even been suggested that a boarded-up entrance may lead directly to this house. The house is still standing for further investigations if anyone is interested.

It seems that Italy is the center of activity for these "Little People." Our correspondent in Columbiana, Ohio, J.C. (his initials will serve to identify him to those who know and respect this researcher) states that his grandmother often told him stories of how little people—or elves as she called them—were common household guests (uninvited as they were) among the backward country farmers who worked hard to make a living (barely getting by at times) and didn't have time to make up wild stories to amuse their friends. Such stories were accepted as gospel truth among many of the older people. But let J.C. tell us the story himself:

• • •

Around the turn of the century, my grandmother spent her first twelve years in a small town near Rome. When she was eight or nine, her family moved into a considerably finer house than they had known before, which they acquired at a very reasonable price. Soon after they moved in, however, they began to hear from the neighbors about certain things which had been experienced in that house, and they began to wonder whether they had gotten a bargain after all.

It was said that inexplicable annoyances which had befallen the previous owners was the cause of their selling out at a cheap price. For instance, the former lady of the house would fetch a fresh pitcher of water from the spring and set it on the table and busy herself with something, only to turn back and find a half-burnt piece of wood sizzling out in the water, ruining it for drinking. Or, the family would on a morning come to the table and find that a whole freshly baked batch of bread had been sliced and neatly stacked up. This wasn't too helpful, as sliced bread quickly becomes stale.

As a supplementary source of income, the family sold a type of twine used in vineyards. In Italy, then, and perhaps even now in some places, vineyard keepers used a certain type of long and tough grass to tie back the grapevines as they grew on the arbors. There were those who sickled down this grass, cured it in their attics and sold it to the vintners. In the morning with the dew on it, a blade would cut the hand as though by a knife...in fact, the common name for it (talio-mano) literally meant, "Cut-Hand." However, curing would shortly cause them to soften, become flexible and strong as twine. Care was taken not to bundle up the grass too long before it was called for, as it would tend to "rust" if left too long in this condition.

Not long after they moved in, her mother went up to the attic to check on how the curing was coming. She found that the grass, which she had left spread out in a thin layer, had all been tied into small bundles, and stacked. She assumed that her husband had foolishly done this before it was called for, and angrily untied them all and spread them out again. She noticed as she did so that each of the bundles had 50 blades in them. It was a long, hot job. When her husband came home from his job on the road building crew that night she threw his stupid action up to him, but he just as vehemently denied any knowledge of what had happened.

A few days later he decided to take a long look around the attic and found exactly the same thing: a large number of small bundles neatly stacked up. Of course he promptly blamed his wife. "Ruining all we've worked for!" he began to which she replied that he himself must have done it and forgotten all about it. Needless to say, neither one convinced the other! The bundles—again found to be tied in lots of 50—were again untied and redistributed over the attic floor.

Next day, as the mother sat by her doorstep patching, the foreman of a large local vineyard walked up to her, and asked "Do you have any talio-mano?" "How much do you want?" The foreman made a motion. "Well, how much do you have? Whatever you've got, that's how much I want." Never before had they made a sale of all the grass they had put up! So mother and daughter all that day were busy counting out lots of 50—as the foreman had specified—and bundling them up. Of course, twice before they had found them tied in exactly those lots as if the order were foreknown!

Mama and Papa then talked it over and decided that the evidence so far showed that they possessed a strange ally that could anticipate at least the immediate future, and that they should accept him as sort of a "boarder" and see if they could coax more good fortune out of him!

For whatever reason, the family's fortunes were definitely on the rise. Her father moved up from a common laborer until he was finally head foreman of the road-building crew. Her mother started receiving plenty of seamstress work from well-off people at good pay. My grandmother says that, "Everything all of a sudden that we put our hand to turned to money."

In the family, however, was one person who did not live entirely at ease with their unseen guest. That was my grandmother! Perhaps because of her parents' decision to hold forth a friendly attitude toward their somewhat supernatural visitant, he, she, or it made his presence more definitely known...often by sounds that were like a small child skipping across the floor overhead, and at any hour, night or day. She would freeze in terror when she heard those footsteps; she never got "adjusted" to them. According to her, her parents became so conditioned that when the footsteps would occur, they would simply remark: "There, he's walking again," and leave it go at that.

Her mother had made up her mind that she was going to have a look at the little chap; and for a while, when the footsteps would begin, she would quietly climb the ladder to the attic to try to catch a surprise

glimpse of him. But every time the footsteps would instantly cease, and her eyes would be met by nothing but empty attic! At such times her mother would call, "Come on out and let me see you! Let's be friends! Let me see you just once!" But she never got her wish.

But whenever my grandmother found herself along in the house she would go out of doors, even in cold weather until her mother returned, or had finished her chores outside. She lived in fear that sometime when she was alone she might turn and see some indescribable creature descending the ladder that led from the open attic doorway to the kitchen. However, nothing ever showed itself.

Evidently my grandmother did not quite picture him as the helpful little creature her mother chose to envision.

One morning, sitting at the breakfast table, she began to cry and said to her father, "Please, Papa, let's move away from here. I don't want to live here with that THING upstairs any longer!" Her father started to say something pointing out the good luck it seemed to be bringing them, but never finished, for just then something underneath the table sharp and violently thrown struck her in the leg.

Her father picked it up and it was a piece of plaster taken from the wall of the next room! "See," said her mother and father smiling, "He hit you! He doesn't like that kind of talk! Now be careful what you say about him from now on!"

Finally one morning a neighbor woman who lived across the road came in excitedly and said, "I've seen him! I've seen him! You have a little elf in your attic!" Rolling pasta dough that morning, she had glanced over the way at the window of their attic and there looking out was a beautiful creature the size of a young child. It was dressed, she said, in a gold-shining garment and wore some sort of cap on its head. "Oh," she said to my grandmother, "if you only saw him, you wouldn't be afraid of him! He's so pretty he could never do anyone any harm!" went her reasoning. She was at a loss, however, to say whether "it" was a boy or girl, but described the delicate beauty of its features. She had looked away for a moment, and it was gone from the window when she looked back.

Whether this description tempered my grandmother's fear of the creature or not, I do not know; at any rate, she left the home for good a few years later, when she sailed to America to join her brother in Pittsburgh. Although her parents could by that time have afforded a better house, they chose to stay where they were, confident that they would

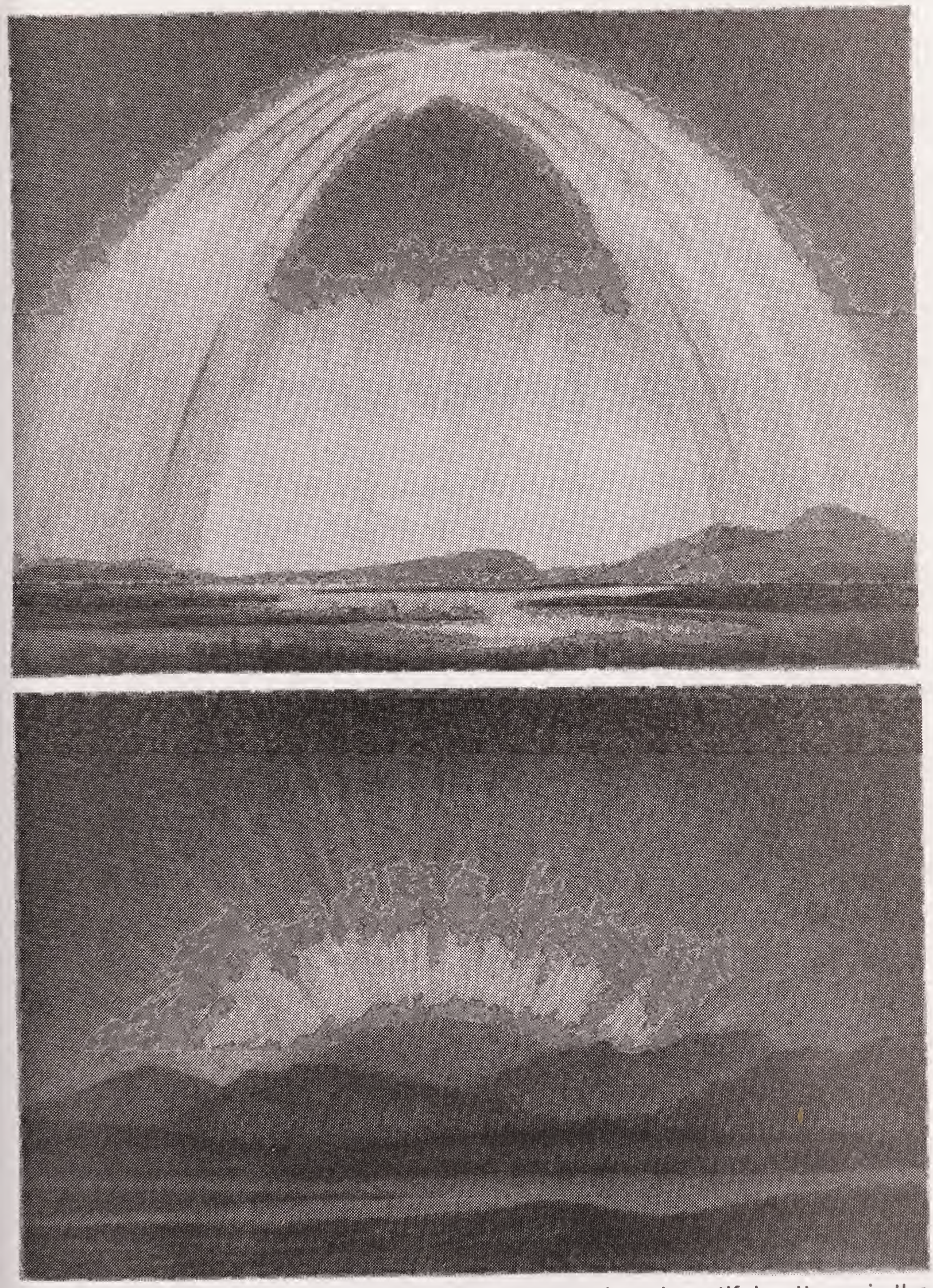
do better with their "little friend" who lived upstairs. Many years afterward her mother came to America and used to say that times were much better back in Italy when they lived in the stone house and had a "boarder" who brought them good fortune.

• • •

J.C. informs us that his great grandfather had a run-in with a most unusual "being" which he found enthroned in his toolchest one morning while he was on an underground tunnel between two towns. The elf promised him money in exchange for his secrecy but gave him rocks instead.

Another, only a few lines really, is the repeated stories told by those working near certain caves who would see little people, the size of small human children or babies, who used to live in caves back in the hills. The folks who tied wheat out to cure on blankets often complained that they would come back and find the wheat bundled up in the blankets, which were tied in knots by the vindictive little people. It was said that people had gone sticking their noses into the cave-homes of these beings and NEVER CAME OUT AGAIN!

A Dero as described by Richard Shaver in his books, 'The Hidden World'



Retouched photos from early part of this century show beautiful patterns in the sky as created by the central sun.

Chapter Twelve: Atlanteans From The Inner Earth

Of all the countries on the face of the earth, none is more mysterious, or less explored, than Brazil. Miles upon miles of the country have never been set foot upon by white men. In these areas live wild tribes of savage Indians whose civilizations are said to be akin to those existing at the time of our Stone Age. Many of those who have dared venture into these pockets of unexplored jungle have never come out. Perhaps the case of Col. Fawcett will be familiar to readers as an example of what I mean. He supposedly was captured by a tribe of wild Indians while in search of a "hidden city" said to be located within the confines of the dense jungle. However, according to the late Dr. Raymond Bernard, he may actually still be alive—living in a vast underground city built by the descendants of Atlantis.

Before his death, Dr. Bernard had sent this writer many personal letters regarding his findings related to this underground civilization. We will quote from these communications elsewhere in this book—but let's begin right here.

• • •

I arrived in Brazil in 1956, and have been carrying on my research since I met a Theosophical leader who told me about the subterranean cities, inhabited by a super race of Atlantean origin, that exist in Brazil. He referred me to Professor Henrique Jose de Souza, president of the Brazilian Theosophical Society, at Sao Laurenco in the state of Minas Gerais, who erected a temple dedicated to Agharta which is the Buddhist name of the Subterranean World. Here in Brazil live Theosophists

from all parts of the world, all of whom believe in the existence of the subterranean cities.

Professor de Souza told me that the great English explorer Colonel Fawcett is still alive, living in a subterranean city in the Roncador Mountains of Matto Grosso, where he found the subterranean city of the Atlanteans for which he searched, but is held prisoner lest he reveal the secret of its whereabouts. He was not killed by Indians as is commonly believed. Professor de Souza claimed he has visited subterranean cities, including Shamballah, the world capital of the subterranean empire of Agharta. I then went to Matto Grosso to find the subterranean city where Fawcett is claimed to be living with his son Jack, but failed to do so. I then returned to Joinville in the state of Santa Catarina, and there continued my research.

Just recently two of my explorers returned from entering a tunnel near Ponte Grosse in the state of Parana. One of them had recently entered alone and spent 5 days in the underworld city there. It had about 50 inhabitants plus children. The fruit orchards were recently planted, and the inhabitants received fruit from another subterranean city. During the last visit, the two explorers were met at the entrance of the tunnel by a guardian and the chief of the city, who told them that they should return in two years when the fruit trees will start to bear, but cannot enter now.

These same two explorers entered a tunnel near Rincon, state of Parna, and finally came to a chimney-like structure with four chains hanging down. They descended on the chains but when they came near the bottom a gas with a chemical odor started to come up and forced them to ascend. Obviously, the subterranean dwellers tried to keep them from reaching the city. (*Editor's Note:* This seems often to be the case.)

Our explorer J.D. (name on file) who is a mountain guide of the Mystery Mountain near Joinville (where there is supposed to be an entrance) said that, several times, he saw a huge luminous flying saucer ascend from the tunnel opening that leads to a subterranean city inside this mountain, in which he heard the beautiful choral singing of men and women, and also heard the "canto galo" (rooster crowing), a universal symbol indicating the existence of subterranean cities in Brazil. He said that the saucer was so luminous that it lit up the night sky and converted it into daylight. On one occasion he met a group of subterranean men outside the tunnel.

They were short, stocky, with reddish beards and long hair, and very muscular. When he tried to approach them, they vanished. Often he saw strange illuminations in this area at night which were probably produced by flying saucers. (We use the name, "Mystery Mountain," rather than reveal the true name of the mountain, so that unwanted outsiders will not come here to locate it.) Throughout my many years of research, I have accumulated a vast amount of data which would indicate that these entrances to subterranean cities abound throughout the region.

An elderly man living in Joinville once told me that he had visited a tunnel near Concepiao in the state of Sao Paulo, and saw in the distance a marvelous subterranean city with vehicles darting back and forth, evidently traveling through tunnels from one subterranean city to another.

Although the following report requires confirmation, it was told to me by an explorer named N.C. who said that he had visited a tunnel near Rio Casdor and had met a beautiful young woman appearing to be 20 years of age. She spoke to him in Portuguese and said that she was 2,500 years of age. He also met a bearded subterranean man. Still another explorer named D.O. visited this same tunnel and saw a child inside, who fled upon seeing him. Also as he once lay in front of the tunnel opening, a man with a beard and long hair passed over him and entered.

Another explorer visited a similar tunnel near Gaspar, Santa Catarina, and behind a wonderful fruit orchard saw a subterranean woman with a child in her arms reading to it aloud from a huge book written in an unknown language (Atlantean). After she read each sentence the child repeated the same and in this way was taught how to read. All of these subterranean cities are illuminated by strange light.

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Dr. Bernard told this writer that although he had himself never been in such a city, he had met the Atlanteans on various occasions on the surface and had heard their singing and strange illuminations (coming from underground) a number of times.

A few years ago, Ray Palmer received a lengthy letter from a man residing in Joinville, who claimed to have found Shaver's caves. He was shown their settlement only because he was a descendant of the Incas who have been sworn to secrecy. His letter to Mr. Palmer follows:

• • •

I am descended from the Inca race, which disappeared in a tunnel when the Spaniards invaded their country, and continued to live in subterranean cities. The Incas were a race of vegetarians and pacifists, and when the Spaniards came to attack them, they did not fight, but escaped into tunnels and disappeared from the world.

During all my life I have been searching for my lost race and traveled to many countries, as far north as Mexico, also in Venezuela, Chili, Paraguay, Argentina, Uruguay and all parts of Brazil, investigating tunnels to find an entrance to the subterranean world. But I could not find anything, and lost (through swindlers claiming to bring me to Atlanteans under the earth) and spent 1,800,000 cruzieros, equivalent to $36,000.

After my money was gone I worked as a mechanic and saved money and with it, I continued my investigations. After searching all the 21 states of Brazil and living a year in Matto Grosso among the savages, I finally found what I sought.

One day I went to a river to drink water. On the other side was a high mountain. I heard a powerful voice coming from the top of the mountain, yelling many times. I thought it was a person lost in the forest and asking for help. I swam the river to the other side and walked through the forest an hour and then climbed for two and a half hours. When I reached the top I found a hole in the ground. It was very deep as I found by dropping a stone down. I then gathered vines from trees, tied them together, fastened a stone at the end and dropped it down until it hit bottom. I pulled it up and it measured 100 meters or 330 feet.

When I returned to Joinville and told Dr. Raymond Bernard about this, he gave me money to buy a rope. I returned to the mountain and by means of the rope I descended. When I came to the bottom I entered a tunnel which I traversed for a distance of 2000 meters. I then saw with my flashlight a door of stone. While I was watching the door, it suddenly opened and I saw a very tall man with a metallic outfit, who spoke with a powerful voice and said that this was the first time that anyone had the courage to enter this tunnel. I was first frightened at the powerful voice of the man and wanted to run, but he called me and told me not to be afraid as he was a very peaceful person who never did harm to any living being. So I asked him who he was to live in this cavern. He said, "I am an Atlantean-Inca, the guardian of this door." He

asked me what I was looking for. I told him I was looking for my race, because I too am an Inca. He seemed to be very pleased to hear this. I told him I would like to visit his city, and that I had an American friend and a wife, who would like to go there, too, with my children. He told me to bring photographs of my wife, children and American friend, and if they were found acceptable, he would give permission for them to enter.

I then returned to Dr. Bernard, who gave me his own photo, and I brought all the photos, including those of my wife and children, back to the Atlantean.

On this second visit to the Atlantean, he delivered a lecture on radioactivity and its danger. He said that radioactive dust in the air is now causing surface dwellers to age very rapidly because it accumulates in the pores of the skin and stop skin respiration. He said the pores of the skin have a constant alternative contraction and expansion and serve to take in air and expel foreign matter. In an atmosphere of radioactive dust metals, these substances clog up the pores and interfere with their vital functions of respiration and excretion. This causes disease and early death.

The Atlantean called me to come near a transparent screen to make an exchange of blood to make sure I will preserve the secret of the whereabouts of this tunnel, so that I do not reveal it to an unworthy person. When I was near the curved plastic screen, another curved plastic screen suddenly appeared from each side of the door and encompassed me, so that I found myself inside the two curved plastic screens. Then it seemed that all air was pumped out, leaving a vacuum in the space where I was between the plastic screens. The other air entered, which seemed lighter and purer, which made me feel more healthful and stronger. Then the inside plastic door opened, and he put inside a man-sized capsule of this transparent substance which he held by handles on both sides of it, and told me to go inside the open door. After I was inside, the door automatically closed.

Now the second plastic door opened and the Atlantean took hold of the handles on each side of the capsule and carried me to the other side of the inside plastic screen whose door automatically opened and shut.

Then he inserted his hands into two soft pockets in the capsule, made of the source material and took hold of a metal device which he lowered on the chain and wire with which it was suspended from the

curved top of the capsule (the base was flat for me to stand on) and put it on my head. Then he went over to a recording apparatus, from which a recording tape emerged and I heard a ticking sound, much like a telegraphic ticket. Then he read the tape, put it in a box and spoke in a funnel-shaped speaker in a strange language. It seemed to be a radio telephone.

Then he asked me for the photos. He told me to put my hand by one part of the capsule with a very delicate wall. He told me to push my hand through, which I did and the material adhered to my hand like an elastic, so as not to permit any air from inside the capsule to leave, since he was afraid of my having contaminated the air inside the capsule by which I exhaled. Then he sprayed my hand with a purpose of radioactive decontamination. He took the photos from my hand and slid them into an opening in the same electrical apparatus. Then more tape emerged, which he read and then spoke by radio telephone to headquarters below. He then looked at a sort of small television apparatus with a horizontal screen, apparently to see the persons he was speaking to.

He told me not to bring any unworthy person, because he would know it in advance. I asked how. He said that with this apparatus, which he called an "electrovisor," he could behold whatever was occurring in any part of the world. If any unworthy person comes near the mountain and tries to get to the tunnel opening, certain rays confuse the person's mind, so that he is unable to continue the trip and will go off in a wrong direction.

I had some bread in a pocket. He told me not to eat the bread. He put a white pill in my hand (which was projected outside the capsule all the time), and told me this pill had a taste of many fruits and that his people lived entirely on it. I believe it was a concentrate of fruits. Then I withdrew my hand and the elastic material through which it projected closed.

After he gave me the pill he carried the capsule with me inside to the space between the two plastic screens, as the door of the inside screen opened to admit the capsule and then automatically shut. Then the door of the capsule opened, I left the capsule, and then the door of the outside plastic screen opened and I left.

When newcomers enter, they first enter the capsule, and the Atlantean carries them to a Decontamination Chamber (the Atlantean told me). The door of the capsule opens, the person leaves the capsule,

takes off his clothing, then the chamber becomes filled with vapor which draws forth radioactive poisons from his body. The person dressed with other clothing there ready for him, then enters an "electronic apparatus," which carries him to the center of the earth. I should mention that during my visits, before the door opened I heard a peculiar humming sound, which was of the apparatus with which the Atlantean came up from below, which became louder and louder as the apparatus came near, and when it came to a stop the noise stopped and the doors automatically opened. I should also mention that when a flying saucer came near my house on Saturday, June 13, 1959, in the afternoon and night, it gave off a hum identical to that of this subterranean apparatus, which makes me think they are both operated by the same mechanism and that the flying saucer was an apparatus of these same subterranean Atlanteans and did not come from another planet. The flying saucer came describing a spiral, descended to the top of a hill about 2000 meters from my house, and then rose in a spiral manner, with a tail of light behind it. It came in the night, had a round shape and a silver color.

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Apparently such tunnels into the subsurface exist elsewhere in the world besides Brazil. In fact one letter on file with us comes from Professor W. Wiers of Mexico, who tells us that he knew Professor Schwartz who had made a long study of cave problems, starting when he was only 15 years old in Germany. According to Professor Wiers, just before the beginning of the second world war, both the axis and allied powers were interested in using various caves as supply bases, and for many military applications.

Professor Schwartz at one time had stated that he knew of a Nazi who had come down upon an "enormous circular pit" whose sides dropped straight down for a good 1200 feet. Trees could be seen growing tall and straight below. Eagles soared around, and then dived to the center of the bottom, apparently to eat something. Since the sides were dangerously steep the Nazi had to content himself with using binoculars instead of descending into this world himself.

Returning later with others, he eventually discovered a similar but much narrower bore, or shaft, not far from the first, which was so big that it could not be hidden in any way. Not having cable or apparatus with which to let down a man in the seemingly bottomless shaft, they

let down a pencil attached to a rope. To their surprise, the cord, when drawn back up was found to be cut clean, as with a knife, or scissors—and the pencil was gone. Of course they all resolved to come back to study this pit further but the war prevented their doing so.

The location of this shaft is supposedly in northern Guatemala. Near the place is a witch doctor, friendly to Professor Schwartz, who assured the professor that there is a secret passage, closed by a revolving rock door, which goes to the enormous chamber which is still below the vast roof cave-in seen from above.

As we pointed out earlier, in many of these cases, there seems to be an overt attempt by the subsurface beings to keep their existence unknown at any cost. Those who do happen upon their civilizations, or tunnel entrances, seldom are released to tell anyone about them.

According to our West Coast correspondent, Cossette Willoughby, there is an area in Africa also inhabited by Atlanteans. A big game hunter reportedly heard about a plateau in a remote region where white gods, who never died, were said to dwell. Since the region was taboo to most of the natives who lived at the foot of the Plateau, the hunter, perhaps craving excitement, decided to make a trip into the area and see for himself what truths there were to these stories. The trip turned out to be quite hazardous, but he finally arrived at the Plateau and found the natives there quite friendly, though primitive. The day after his arrival he decided to get close to the plateau and take pictures. But when he tried, a shower of iron balls (like cannon balls) rained down upon him and he barely escaped with his life.

That same evening an old native hunter came to his tent leading a blind man and told the big game hunter he had a story to tell him. He said that on certain nights the natives traded with the White Gods, but they never saw or got near them. There was a path that wound up a hill nearby the Plateau and joined it with a swinging bridge. The native said they left their spears and furs, etc., at the edge of the bridge and when they came back later they were gone and in their place were various items left in exchange. He said that once when the blind man was young he became filled with curiosity and decided to hide behind a boulder and observe the White Gods when they came to get the items of trade. He was shocked to see several white men, and a tall white woman who appeared to be the leader of the group. Also, they had with them four or five dogs that made no sound, as if their vocal cords had been clipped. When the dogs found the native, they almost killed him

before he woman called them off.

She told the native to take a good look and go tell the rest of the tribe what he had seen and after he told them, to have them put out his eyes, cut out his tongue, and break his eardrums. Then he would be a living example of what would happen to anyone else who ever dared get curious. The hunter said that several of the natives had gotten glimpses of the White Gods from time to time and reported their skins to be almost the color of chalk as if they had never been touched by sunlight. He believed the strange people lived in caves on the top of the plateau.

Apparently the hunter had plans of returning to the area with a rented helicopter. Whether this was attempted or not is impossible to know. If it were, chances are he is being held captive along with others who dared venture into "no man's land."

Artistic rendering of the "Holes at the Poles" along with the "central" sun at the core of the Inner Earth.

Chapter Thirteen: The Hedon Rogia, the Holy Scrolls of the Inhabitants of the Inner Earth

EDITOR'S NOTE: Researcher Brad Steiger has spent many years studying the mysteries of the subterranean world. From his extensive files on the subject, comes this report:

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In the late 1960s, I corresponded with Reverend Irene Farrier, of Charlotte, Michigan, who for more than 30 years has studied the mystery of the Hollow Earth, the enigma of the UFO, and the puzzle of humankind's psychic abilities. It was in the course of such studies that Rev. Farrier encountered Mrs. Margaret "Maggie" Rogers, a remarkable woman who claimed to have spent more than three years with a highly advanced and benign culture, which flourishes below the surface of our planet.

Mrs. Rogers prepared an extensive manuscript that detailed how the inner-earth dwellers came to be and how they functioned and interacted with surface inhabitants in modern times. Rev. Farrier allowed me to summarize Mrs. Rogers' lengthy account of the mysterious race that allegedly cared for her during a time of stress and need, and she granted me permission to publish certain segments of the manuscript in order to better educate the public concerning the Hollow Earth hypothesis. Due to the limitations of space, the manuscript has been greatly condensed, but much of what you shall read shall be in Margaret Rogers' own words.

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Mrs. Rogers opens her book with herself seated in a cavernous room far beneath the surface of the earth. Wearing a *sorola* (translator helmet), she reads from the *Hedon Rogia,* the Holy Scrolls of the inhabitants of inner earth, in which the "true" story of the "Beginning" is revealed.

According to the scrolls, from infinite nothingness came the original God-being, vast in size and intelligence. When He who was called Tamil, the creator, became lonely as eons passed, He created a being in His own likeness, called Jas Wohl, meaning My Son. Then Tamil and Jas Wohl created from their own bodies 11 others, called Brothers, adult in size and full of God-like wisdom. Working together, They next planned worlds, with the world of Nephli in the center of four. From a bit of Themselves, they peopled Nephli with beings of great stature and intellect and called them the Nephilium, who were to serve as parents to the inhabitants of the other worlds.

Next, Tamil and the Twelve planned and created more worlds to fill the void of space and the suns to light them. And so Earth, as we call it, was formed. Called the world of *Hulif* (mixed races) by Tamil, it was colonized, via *Laata* (flying ships), by ten perfect couples from each race on the other planets, plus ten couples chosen from the best learned and most perfect of the Nephilium.

Meanwhile, in a secret laboratory, one of the original eleven "Brothers" of Tamil had experimented at creating man-life in a dozen different forms of intelligence. Finding they lacked the God-spark, he obtained it from Tamil, only to discover that 11 were perfect; the twelfth, defective. He turned a disintegrator on it and left the lab satisfied it was destroyed. A tiny bit survived, however, and drew strength from the emanations of the world around it. As it grew, it took on a hideous form, while its knowledge and powers increased. But, when it realized it was ugly, compared to the wondrous-appearing inhabitants of the world around it, Hatred grew in it and the being wanted to destroy them. It saw how life was created and began to produce beings in its own likeness and plotted with them to take over the world.

Tamil became aware of the evil one's plotting and, not wanting to destroy it because it contained a God-spark from Himself, exiled the creature, whom He called Janza, and its followers, the Janzites and Sorns, to a planet of their own. From that orb, through the eons, the

hosts of Janza multiplied and traveled to other worlds, sowing the seeds of discord, chaos and war through the bodies of those they inhabited.

So it was that descendants of Janza came to be among the chosen colonizers and they spread their poison among kindred rebels on the new world until such time as they felt ready to rise up and conquer the God-like beings. Learning of their plans, the Brotherhood summoned Laris, a "high one," and spoke to him through a voice, warning of the forthcoming uprising.

"What shall we do, oh high one?" Laris asked of the voice. "Obliterate them, or shall we allow them to slay us?"

"Neither," replied the voice, "Heed me well, you shall take now of all the elders, those which are the most adept in handling the giant borer and during all the hours of darkness you shall toil making a tunnel slanting down into the inner world. This should only take a day or so. When this is done, move the stone of Ixtli (the stone of Life) to the place where I shall guide you by telepathy. Next you shall gather all the peoples who are faithful to you and show them the way to the caverns, taking with you provisions and tools enough to last until you can get settled there. I adjure you, forget the secret machines which no one but yourselves know the use of. You will find a great series of big caverns and these shall be your home. Now when the time comes that the enemies of the Nephli approach, the priests shall go down, but one, and that one shall stay behind to close the entrance. That one will be slain by the enemy, but we shall see that his Ka [soul] be reborn again."

Laris waited a moment, then spoke: "How long, oh most high, must we inhabit the caverns?"

"Through many ages," came the answer. "Yes, through the ages you will live below the ground, while wars and yet more wars rage on the surface. Again and again the will to war will devastate the earth; entire nations will be obliterated and none will remember whence or why they vanished. Mankind will become as the beasts, with only a small spark of intelligence left. Little by little, he shall gain a foothold on the upward path, rising to great scientific heights, only to slide down again, rise again and slip again, through the ages it shall be thus. Time after time he shall be given the leader he should follow in order to know true greatness of soul, yet still will the seed of Janza, and Janza's whisper, pull him down."

"But when and how shall we again inhabit the surface?" Laris asked.

"When the internal fires break through the crust of the earth, when the terrible new weapons are used by man to slay man, when parents and children slay one another, when mankind goes mad; when disease ravishes the earth and hunger slays those whom hunger has not slain, when the seas arise to erase entire cities, when the earth trembles and even the lekman (elements) turn against Man, then shall you know that the time is upon you and you and yours whom you would have spared will know that the time is at hand. You will have sent envoys from time to time to choose those worthy ones, and these will descend with their picked ones, namely, those who have obeyed the laws of the Great One. Those whom you do not take shall be forewarned and told to go to a place of hiding provided, the place to be for them alone. Then and only then, will you know that the last great war is on you, that the sons of Janza are about to do battle with you for the last time, that man will be liberated for all time from the Evil one. Yet, when this war is ended, the world will be as our brother Tamil meant it to be."

So it was, that the rebels who fought the faithful, found no one; for those who chose to remain above, were instructed to be silent and to close their doors. They were given a sign by which they could know each other. Their eyes were attuned to that sign, which was a faint light on the forehead.

Thus the rebels were defeated even as they were gaining victory, and the legend grew with the passing ages of the lost tribes and how the Nephilium were gods and deserted earth by soaring into the skies. In some places, however, the natives spoke of the old story, of how there had been giants and they had gone underground.

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When Mrs. Rogers begins her account of her experiences with the cave people, she is, by her own definition: "...an outcast...39 years old, a slave of the drug [heroin], pitted by smallpox, ugly, ragged...an object of pity and scorn to my country-men, a receiver of alms." Her usual stand, she tells us, was near the American Club on Bolivar Street in Mexico City, Mexico.

Doc Kelmer, of the Electro Therapy Institute, often gave her money and tried to help her in diverse ways, but, on this particular day he simply stood before her and pondered: "I wonder when you are going to remember? Think hard, Ban Dalij. The day you speak a certain

word, then and only then can I really help you, not with a few dollars, but permanently."

Maggie Rogers puzzled but briefly over the doctor's enigmatic statement; he had pressed a gold coin into her hand and she was once again secure in the knowledge that she could obtain her next "fix." Then, shortly, narcotics agents appeared. Maggie was frightened; if they should frisk her and find the freshly purchased packet of heroin on her person, it would be the Islas Marias, Mexico's prison islands, for her. Suddenly, strange words came unbidden to her lips: *"Maca sin Tamil."*

Upon her utterance of those words, the two agents seemed to have forgotten why they were ushering Maggie Rogers off to a back-room to search her. They released her and walked away, apparently oblivious of her presence.

"Kayu staya ma, il Tamil." More strange words came to Maggie's tongue and she was not surprised when Doc Kelmer pulled up beside her in his car and asked her if she were ready. Maggie nodded and got into the backseat. The drug-dependency caused her to become violently ill, then, when the spasms had subsided, Doc gave her a vial of liquid and told her to drink it all.

Hours later, Maggie and Doc Kelmer stood before a mass of greenery at the foot of a tall cliff. Putting his arm about her shoulders to steady her, wiping the tears and perspiration from her face, Doc said: "You called, Ban Dalij, and I came. You had faith in what you are not sure of. Do you wish the mercy you have asked for?"

Then Doc Kelmer chanted rather than spoke and the mass of greenery slid to one side to reveal a large opening. "He might have been leading me to my death in some sadistic rite," Mrs. Rogers wrote later, "but I followed him boldly in."

The enormous door closed behind them. Something like cool water closed around her, but she had no sensation of drowning. Then came oblivion, broken once or twice by her seeing, as if in a dream, vast rooms and giant figures. The following is her recollection of what happened later:

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When at last I really and truly awakened, I looked around me in wonder, unable to understand where I was and how I came there. That room was so large and all the furniture in it had been made for a giant

to use. Odder still, furniture and walls alike seemed to be made of silvery metal, even the bed on which I lay was of metal. I say bed, but it was, I found out later, 15 feet long and nine wide and covered with a soft white fur. Whoever had cared for me had dressed me in a beautiful robe. There were soft sandals on my feet.

A section of wall slid back and in walked the largest woman I had ever seen. From beneath a golden helmet with tiny wings fell a cascade of coal black curls. Her short skirted garment was sleeveless and seemed to be made of little golden links. Leather sandals laced to the knee were on her feet. She was all the beautiful women I had ever seen rolled into one. In her hands was a flat, shiny disk and, as I shrank back from her, she smiled, raised that disk to her mouth and, of all things, spoke to me in Spanish:

"My name is Mira (pronounced Meera), I know you are afraid, but do not be, as our brother sent you here. Sagi has made you well again. You are hungry, no?"

I told her I was hungry, yes; but I asked curiously; "Why do you put that disc to your lips?"

With a broad smile she lowered the disk and, so help me, I thought some one had turned a radio on full blast. I clapped both hands to my tortured ears and grimaced with pain. Replacing the disk, she spoke again and now her voice was normal. "You see, little one? Your ears are not made for voices like ours."

Again a section of wall slid back and a table came sliding over the floor to my bed. On it were fruits of every description, bananas, mangos, chirimoyas. These were familiar to me. Not so the small purplish pear-shaped fruit. There were small cakes made of what I took to be dates, and a metal container filled to the brim with a pale green, foamy liquid.

I fully believe that is what the gods of Olympus called "nectar of the gods." It was a sweet drink, made of fruit and tasting more like an ice cream soda than anything else.

I was told it was the 15th day of January. That made me open my eyes. Where had I been all those days?

Taking the cure.

What time was it now?

That amused her and she explained to me that she and her people worked 24 hours.

Where did the bluish light come from?

That was put there many centuries ago by the scientists of their race.

"You," she said, "will be taught all you should know by our wise men. I shall show you all you are allowed to see. There is a reason for this, which you shall learn later."

Arsi, she explained shyly, was her intended husband. In a short while she would be of age and they would be wed. "To be able to wed, a girl must be, according to our way of reckoning time, 18 years of age."

I tried to do as Mira had told me, to sleep and rest, but that was impossible. In sheer desperation I pressed the button she had indicated as hers and in she came so quickly, I guessed she must have been waiting for me to call.

This time she was not alone. No indeed. With her was the handsomest giant I have ever seen. I had thought she was huge, but he topped her head and shoulders. Like Mira, he wore a gold mesh garment, but it was a two-piece affair. His helmet had an ornament representing the sun and the sandals on his feet also were laced to the knee. But he was as blonde as she was brunette. His eyes were green. He strode up to me, smilingly he placed a disk, like the one she used, to his lips.

"I presume you are Miss Maggie? I am Arsi; we are happy to welcome you."

"You, you speak English," I stammered. "Yet you are one of these people. *Now* maybe I can get a clear answer to all the questions I want to ask."

"I don't blame you. I shall give you all the answers, but I do not expect you to believe me, at least now. Here you have it, believe it or not: I was, before my disappearance from the world and my renewal here in this world, in succession, scholar, lawyer and judge. I was a surface man, but I had always been fully aware of my kinship with these people, whose name by the way, is the Nephli. Here is a world far underground, a world no one knows of, except those who have blood kinship with them. The day I reached 60 years of age I was eligible for renewal. I had learned how cruel and greedy humans are, so, I simply vanished."

Up to now I had listened with an open mind, but that statement of his about being 60 years old was the last straw. Why, the man couldn't be more than 25 years old. Renewal?

Then Arsi said gently: "You were saved because you were unfortu-

nate. You are fundamentally good. By heritage you have the Nephli blood. You were weak, yes, but that weakness comes from the strain of human blood in you. Human? How silly. We are all human, though those of the surface world would not call us so. The Nephli civilization was far advanced when they went underground. Those of the surface strayed from our teachings, scorned help from the mother race, and see to what they have come. Now they are a proud, arrogant people who would have had more to be proud of if they had followed the teachings of their ancestors. Remember all of this when you return."

"You mean I have to go back?" I asked.

"Yes, you are not ready to be one of us. You will go back, free from the drug. You will have to pay a penance, and it will be paid in hard work, decency, denial; helping others, with kindness shown to others less fortunate than yourself. Rest now and later we will take you to Harji, he who knows all that is past, and all that is to come. *Jelis sur Tamil* (God bless you)."

After breakfast, I was told to dress and given a contraption something like telephone operators use, which was placed on my head and over my ears. Mira picked me up as though I were a baby; the wall slid back and we were out in a corridor. I should say street, for that was what it was like. I was placed gently in a kind of car that stood as if it were waiting for us. This vehicle had no motor, no wheels, but reminded me of the pictures I had seen of a torpedo, a torpedo with two seats.

Along the streets were the apartments, living quarters of the Nephli. There was no time to ask more for the car shot into a vast courtyard and stopped in front of a door. Lifting me out, Mira carried me to the door, which opened as if by "open Sesame," and we entered another huge room, the sight of which to me was vaguely familiar. This was the place and the people I had seen when I saw the light which had soothed me so. These were the surgeons. The master surgeon came forward, took me from the arms of my mentor, and sat me on a table, just as any surface doctor would do. He took my pulse, raised the lids of my eyes, looked at me carefully, then held his fingertips close to my body, somewhat as a magician does when he is going to hypnotize you. But a stream of light flowed out from those fingertips and I felt it penetrate my body. I would say it was some sort of an X-ray, for, after moving that light over every part of my body, he nodded as if highly gratified, and the light went out. He took a step back and bowed, actu-

ally bowed, to me.

I shall from here on touch only on the highlights of my stay. I met many of the people and they were all so kind to me. Many times, two or three of them would come and take me to different parts of the cave world. I visited the Library, where all the works are kept; books in every language and on every subject.

According to Mira, many of the Nephli live on the surface. Many are scientists, doctors, lawyers, judges, and even higher in the government. But how could that be, I asked, when because of their huge size they would be marked? That last struck her as very funny and, when she recovered from her mirth, she explained that the Nephli were masters of a reducing ray, as well as an enlarging ray. These men are sent to the surface to search for those who have even a small strain of Nephli blood in their veins, to acquaint them of their heritage and aid them.

"Your grandfather was a pure blood Nephli," she stated. "Looking through the screen one day, he saw a surface woman with whom he fell in love. He asked for, and got, permission to be reduced and ascend to the surface. The Rejii gave him their consent and blessing. He left us and sought out your grandmother-to-be and married her. After she died, he came back to live with us and to await the time when she would be changed."

"Where is he now?" I asked. Her reply left me breathless, but by now I couldn't disbelieve anything these unbelievable people said. "He's on the Mother planet."

During the days that followed, I visited, perched on Arsi's or Mira's arm, the homes of Nephli. Large blocks of marble spread with soft furs served them as beds. Their tables were made of stone, as were their rooms. Those who had more than one child had eight and ten rooms. Children, did I say? I saw babies as large as a ten-year-old. At the age an earth child would be crawling, they walked already. Ten year olds were about my height, five-feet-five. One day I visited a school of that section. They were taught by a man who had lived on earth and come for renewal when he had passed 60. I was stunned after they had introduced me to him, to hear him say: "Hi lady, I hope you'll like it here. By the way, how does little old New York look now?" I still had enough breath left to tell him I had never been in New York.

"You know," he confided, "I'd give anything if I could see my daughter's face if she could see me now."

He taught English to the small fry in the caves. As for the higher

educational departments, this surface brain of mine will never be intelligent enough to understand all they taught.

One day Arsi said some things I do not understand. He pointed out a large bearded man to me. "That man," he said, "comes from the planet Venus." My bewilderment showed on my face, for he elaborated: "He came on the last space ship. We have colonies all over the known and unknown—to surface peoples—universes. Soon, another ship will be leaving and, if you remind me of my promise, I will take you to see it off."

Suddenly the car rose from the ground. Straight up it flew and came to rest on a platform. Up we went as if we were actually with it and I became aware only then that that platform was large enough to hold a city twice as large as Mexico City. There lay a fleet of great torpedoes shining as if they were made of silver. (Arsi explained that these were space ships.) The being we were watching went in through the side of one of these, the largest of all. When the scene faded, I was taken back to my room.

The next day I eagerly awaited the hour to go to the "Pictures." The wall lighted up again and there was the city. Until then no sound had accompanied the pictures, but now we were in the temple again and there was a vast throng of people there. That same great figure of a being was talking to them in a language unintelligible to me. He must have been choosing certain couples from among them, for, from one side of the wall, a being would step forward, from the other side, another, etc. Some were black, some were olive-skinned, others were brown and still others were white, like the beings I had seen inhabiting the city.

Arsi began to explain: "These are the different races from different planets, who were the chosen to inhabit this world of ours. Ten couples of each race, and four races. Then 20 Nephli, or ten couples."

The scene faded for a moment, came again, and to my surprise we were now aboard that great ship.

"They are now in space, bound for this system. They have been in space a year and are now approaching earth. Now watch this next scene, this is the landing."

I asked: "Why did we see no beings moving about the ship?"

"Suspended animation, my dear."

Now the ship was coming to life. We were in a great chamber and, of all the people, only 20 were no larger than myself.

"Those 20 you see are the rulers, or guides, of the others, to teach them and start them in their new life. But," he added sadly, "these people strayed from the teachings of their friends and rulers, the Nephli."

The scene shifted. Now we were in another place, a couple were left there, another and another left the ship until only the 20 were left. Now the scene shifted to a time when the Nephli had completed their cities. Their cities were perfect, their science was perfect. They knew how to prolong life even then; how to become larger or smaller in size. The children of the original 80 subjects rebelled against the Nephli. The Nephli could have crushed them as easily as one kills a fly, but they are a godly people, who do not kill. Instead they went underground.

A curious tale was told me and it fits in with the story of Jesus Christ. Once there was a man of the Nephli, named Jas Whal, who was also a great scientist. In an effort to persuade the humans who inhabited earth to turn them from the false gods they worshiped, the command of Tamil sent him to the surface to teach of the true God and to give man of his science. That was why he left the world under us—the Tamion knew him no more. He was reduced to the stature of an ordinary man and came up to the surface in order to carry out the work assigned him.

He taught these ungrateful people. He proved his divinity to them by what to them were miracles, but to Him were pure science. Their eyes were too blind to see, only a few could understand or wanted to. They tortured Him, and He, who could have merely vanished from their sight, allowed even that in an effort to prove to them that He would die for them. He apparently died and was placed in a cave that had an entrance to the underground. His people came and revived Him; they took Him back home. But He had to show those who believed in Him that He was above death, so He appeared to those friends again and then vanished. Does not that sound like the miracles and crucifixion of Christ? The similarity is remarkable. The living moving pictures of this man, whom the Romans killed, do not, however, resemble the popular conception we have of Christ.

Then came the day of Arsi's and Mira's wedding. I, as an initiate to be, was allowed to be present at that wedding. In the Temple the lights were on full. Those two walked down to the altar. Behind the altar were thick silvery drapes. They knelt there for about ten minutes, their heads bowed. Suddenly those drapes became misty, unreal, then they were gone, and the whole space behind where the drapes had been

was filled with the loveliest, yet the most inspiring, light I ever expect to see. In the heart of that light was something of unearthly colors, in the shape vaguely of a hand, a gigantic hand. Two fingers of radiance shot out from the hand. One touched the head of Arsi and the other the head of Mira, lingered for an instant, moved away, and was gone. The drapes appeared again; the two newlyweds rose to their feet, and on their faces were the glories of those who have seen God.

Days later, Mira and I were in the *Gajoya* (room of machines). She was telling me what the different machines were for, when a shrill whistling arose. Her eyes were bright as she turned to me. "*Hai,* another human arrives. Shall we go and see?"

We arrived at the number one room just in time to see two of the Nephli Guardians helping a man from the car. He was a nice-looking fellow, I could see at a glance, either American or English, and he was in a coma.

Gori, one of the guards who spoke Spanish but no English, beckoned me over. "Little one, you speak this earthman's language, no? Then come with us."

I went willingly, gladly, for I could see the man was badly hurt. He came to as I looked at him. "Hello, Mister, you are an American, aren't you?"

"Thank goodness you can talk English. Why, you are an American yourself." His eyes strayed around the room and came to rest on the Naphli guards and if ever I saw a man sick with fear this was he. He must have thought he was any place but heaven, or else crazy.

"I was exploring the *Cave de Los Vientos.* I suddenly stepped off into nothingness and, the next thing I knew, I was here. My name is Prindle. I—" He had fainted again.

But the man came out of the lab two hours later, walking as if he had never been hurt. I didn't understand what a miracle had been wrought until Prindle himself told me that he had been an iron worker in the States and, 15 years before, had gotten a steel sliver in his eye which had blinded him permanently. Now, his sight was restored in that eye as if he had never had an injury.

Hours later he was given the "test." A metal cap was placed on his head and a light was shown on the top of that cap. Obviously he was asleep or hypnotized. Then, as the light grew stronger, he spoke in the same tongue. Finally the light faded, and Harji, turning to the guards, gave a command. Prindle was carried out and I thought that was the

last I would see of him, but I believe I saw him in San Antonio, after I came here to live.

I asked Mira what they had done with him and she said, "He has been put to sleep. They have carried him to the surface and to about two miles distance from the entrance to the caves. All memory of his accidental fall into the cave and his experiences while here are erased from his mind. When he awakes, he will not recall finding the cave and will only have a burning desire to go back to his own country."

Time passed rapidly, too rapidly for me, and the day came when my mentors told me that I would soon depart. "You," Harji said, "will remember everything. You will say nothing, though, until the time is ripe. Then you will tell just what we tell you to say. The truth. From that truth you will tell, you will find five of the undiluted blood of the Nephli, many who have a strain of Nephli mixed with surface who will eventually remember, or who will dream and in dreams be shown their heritage."

The next morning, or I should say, the end of sleep-time, my friends took me to the room called Tamion. There I saw the three new soon-to-be residents of Nephli-land. There were two women and one man. The man looked like a German and the two women like Mexicans. Judging from the expressions on their faces, they were very happy about the whole thing. We only stayed for a moment inside, long enough to see them lie down in front of a tall stone. At first glance, the stone seemed to be a shaft of granite, but then I could see that a soft rosy glow made it nearly transparent.

Sixteen hours later we went back and those three, who had entered old, wrinkled, gray and worn, came forth young, beautiful and strong. They were forthwith taken to another room, the enlarging room. I would say it was two hours they stayed there, and although I am not by nature a curious person, I was all agog with excitement, for I wished to be assured it was true and that I would some time be able to do the same.

When they came out they were as large as Arsi and Mira.

Hours later they came for me. Mira openly wept and Arsi wore a sad expression. A brand new suitcase was placed in the "torpedo." Mira, seeing my look, grinned. "Surface clothes, Maggie, you didn't expect to go back in that robe, did you?"

Soon we were at the same entrance where I had entered with Doc Kelmer. At a command from Arsi, the door swung open. I passed

through and turned around as Mira said, "Walk to that *casita* you see in the distance. Stay there two days when one of ours will come for you. *Adios,* and good luck."

Through tear-misted eyes I saw the door close. Then there was nothing to see but a clump of greenery. I walked as directed to the *casita* and was met by an Indian woman. She asked no questions, for she must have received instructions from them. I stayed there until the evening of the second day and I don't believe we exchanged a dozen words.

Late that second evening, a fine car drew up in front of the *casita.* I grabbed my suitcase and got in. The driver didn't believe in talking either, for even when I asked him where I was to be taken, he only grunted. We arrived in Mexico City by daybreak and the car stopped on San Juan de Letran Street.

Tamil has indeed watched over me in more ways than one and taken care of me. I have been cajoled, tempted, even threatened, in an effort to make me tell what I know. It is futile. Now I shall look as I have been doing for 17 years for the ones who have that trace of Nephli blood. I have found five. I have found a few of the mixed blood. I have a great many more to find, both of Nephli blood and of the surface who are worthy to be among those who will survive.

This is my story, a vindication of my friends, the Nephli, and a Tribute to Tamil.

Margaret Rogers

Chapter Fourteen: Legends of the West

Somewhere in the vast west exists a hidden tunnel entrance to the caves. In an out-of-print book, *Black Range Tales*, published by Wilson-Erikson, Inc., author James A. McKenna, discusses an incident which happened to him some time before the turn of the century.

He observed two Indian maids, both in their middle teens, standing before a fire. They looked very much alike and could easily have been mistaken for identical twins. Both were wrapped in bright Indian blankets and were sitting around an open fire roasting heart of sotol (a yucca-like plant found in the Southwestern United States).

After one of the girls had completed her meal she peered through the oncoming blackness, up and down the canyon, apparently to make sure no one was observing her motions. She then turned and started toward the opposite end of the canyon. Two burros came into sight and trotted up to her. She seemed to be tapping the walls of the canyon with a rock. A minute later she seemed to walk right through the canyon walls into the rocks. Shortly thereafter she reappeared once again with a large bucket of water and gave it to the burros. She went through this same routine several times.

The opening through which the Indian girl had entered led into a cave. An egg-shaped slab of boulder about seven feet high formed the door which, when closed, left no discernible crack.

When the Indian maiden had finished feeding the burros, she brushed her own tracks away, making sure nothing would seem out of place. She then picked up a lantern she had been carrying, and departed down the valley.

The witness went to the spot where he had seen the Indian girl and did exactly what she had done. The egg-shaped door swung open

in its socket. The witness found himself in a dark cavern. The trickling of an underground spring echoed through the immense darkness. After standing in the entrance for a short time, McKenna closed the door and rejoined his partner.

About midnight his companion, who was apparently sleeping soundly, woke up screaming. After settling down he explained that someone or something had been sticking needles into him. After a few minutes they both discovered to their utter amazement that some form of electricity was present in the pass. The grass itself felt like a bunch of needles.

Soon after this incident a cool breeze came up and the two men found that the prickly sensation had vanished from the grass. According to *Black Range Tales*, the Mexicans of the region believe that this prickly sensation is caused by vents leading to hidden volcanoes. They make sure never to camp in these canyon passes.

Shortly thereafter the two decided to explore the cave beyond the secret door. They went down into the cave and shortly reached a turn where they were confronted and almost blinded by a sudden flash of light. The light was gone with the speed of lightning. After that, the only sound they heard for some time was the sound of rushing water from underground springs. As they went deeper into the cavern the sound of rushing water reached their ears, evidently from numerous underground springs and rivers. As they went deeper into the cavern the sound of rushing wind also reached them. The flash which they had encountered earlier was now being repeated at intervals. At the time of each flash they were able to make out hundreds of hand-painted signs and designs on the walls about them.

A sudden turn to the right brought them to a hidden well. It was hidden below the floor at least six feet. The flashes showed a few fish in the pool, the light then became so strong that they could see about every bone in their bodies.

The flashes got so bright and became so frequent that they had to put on their dust glasses for protection. At the moment of each flash of light the water in the hidden pool would rush from side to side and in the process throw a heavy spray over them. All of a sudden they were aware of a pitiful moan. The voice grew much louder and soon began repeating over and over again, "Oh! Oh! Ohee! Mercee! Mercee!"

As they continued their journey deeper into the cavern, the moaning continued to grow louder and louder and the air became

heavy with a sulfuric odor. After they had descended about a thousand feet, they came to a side draft and the caves mouth almost closed from a fall of rocks.

A short distance down this drift they stumbled over a pile of bones which they estimated to be the skeletons of a dozen or more persons. Searching around, they soon discovered various bits of broken Indian pottery. In the drift they neither saw the flashes nor heard the moans, but the poisonous air made them quite drowsy. Because of this situation, they soon found it impossible to continue any further and thus they had to return to the surface. It is not known to this day if this entrance has ever been relocated by anyone else.

Not far from this "entrance" is the Superstition Mountain Range. Those who have dared brave its shadows say that there is something there that puts evil in the minds of people who go into the mountains to search for the Lost Dutchman Mines!

Probably the richest treasure yet to be found by man is located somewhere within the bowels of the earth in these mysterious mountains. In search for this treasure many people have been killed; many others have died of mysterious causes while still others have met death at the hands of fellow prospectors who crave one of the earth's greatest treasures—GOLD!

Indeed just what is it that makes men go stark raving mad upon the mountains that make up the great Superstition Range? Is it the blood thirsty lust for this precious metal or something far more sinister and perhaps supernatural?

Benjamine M. Ferrira of Honolulu, Hawaii, told staff reporter Jack Karie of the *Arizona Republic,* while serving a sentence in jail for the killing of his gold-seeking partner on April 19, 1959 that:

"There is something that happens to the minds of people going into that Mountain to look for gold. People just get started hating each other—first thing you know they're at each other's throats.

"It doesn't make sense! There's something there on that mountain that makes men foolish. I know from experience—from a very sad experience—that mountain does things to the minds of men. At least I think I went completely nuts—one time I thought those canyon walls were moving in on me."

Some months later, in November, Laven Rowlee of Phoenix was shot to death by Ralph Thomas after a life and death struggle that took place just southeast of the famous Weaver's Needle, named for its dis-

coverer Pauline Weaver. Mrs. Thomas asserted, according to a special report to the *Arizona Republic*, that Rowlee first approached the couple "jabbering something about us trying to kill him—he said my husband was an F.B.I. agent. I really didn't understand what he was talking about. It sounded like a lot of gibberish."

After Rowlee attacked the couple they somehow managed to grab his gun and overpower him. As the two proceeded to march Rowlee to a nearby prospectors camp, he screamed, "I've got another one." Thinking Rowlee meant a gun, Thomas fired and knocked Rowlee down with a shot from his own hand weapon. Rowlee died a few hours later.

But the stories coming out of this area, from those who have seen the vast mountain range and know its innermost secrets, often reveal strange circumstances which refuse to be put to rest. Many of them could well be the product of overworked imaginations caused by the hot desert sun and the fearful winds that howl through the mountain passes like the sound of those from another world beckoning to those that dare set foot on its sacred ground.

In May of 1959 two dingy, dirty, sweaty prospectors told a strange story while visiting with an old time resident of the Phoenix area. They claimed that for several days they noticed what they at first thought to be several small children playing near and in a small creek which had water in it only during the early spring season. To find children so far from any desert dwelling or residential area puzzled the two. They were quite familiar with the many "strange" deaths that had occurred in this area and wisely felt that children had no business there. These small "children" appeared to be about five or six years old and would be seen in the same dry creek bed day after day as the prospectors went about their diggings. One day they decided to investigate and see what children could possibly be doing in such an area. When they reached the creek bed they discovered, to their amazement, that the "children" had completely vanished but there, still very fresh in the sand, were footprints. These prints appeared as MINIATURE DUPLICATES OF ENGINEER BOOTS. Although the miners returned to the same spot the next day they reportedly never saw the "children" again.

Other witnesses claim to have seen these little "children" at closer range and say they look more like men than children. Some ranchers, while on roundups in this same area, say that they could clearly see "little men" as they called them, on the tops of ridges and mountains of

the Superstition Range watching them. Not one of those present on the roundups would bother them but would only gaze silently at them as they went on about their work.

About 19 years ago, a teenage boy working with a large ranch concern on roundup was somehow lost from the rest of the crew and wandered about the area for several days without either water or food. This, as any prospector or treasure hunter worth his salt can tell you, is more often than not, fatal. He passed into a semi-conscious twilight between consciousness and unconsciousness.

During the time he was in this state he was aware of several little men around him giving him continued help and directions. They finally were able to lead him out of the range where he finally made it to Gobe, Arizona, a distance of about 50 miles from where he was lost. They did not give him either food or water, but somehow he had strength. He could not plainly make the people out and thus he was not sure whether they were "ghosts" or real things. But he did manage to say a few words to them and they in turn to him.

Near McAlester, Oklahoma, is a cave that is reported to have large steps going down to an unknown depth. The steps, from all information, are 18 inches high, 10 feet from side to side, and about a yard broad. From what has been reported, the cave has been penetrated for about a mile without finding an end to the steps. There is also a bottomless pit along one side of these stairs.

There were three persons in the party which penetrated the entrance. They had only one small flashlight so they turned back for more supplies. Just as they were nearing the top of the entrance, a few feet from the outside, they were attacked by a strange form of animal resembling a man, yet not a man. One of the three had a Colt .45 with him, and began shooting at the beast. As he did so, the other two escaped outside just as a slide covered the entrance. The man with the gun was trapped inside. The other two who had escaped began to dig him out and it took only a few minutes since the entrance was not badly covered with dirt and rocks. In the meanwhile the first rush by the beast was stopped, and there was time to reload the gun. After the entrance was cleared and the man inside was about to be helped out, the beast grabbed him by the foot and others appeared and began to pounce on him. He shot one point blank and in desperation, and fright, emptied his gun in a hurry.

The three managed to get away from the area and in the melee the

person with the gun noticed even in his fright, a strange yellowish fluid which he assumed to be the blood of the beast which he had just shot at close range.

At the entrance to the cave were three small mounds and at the bottom of one of these mounds is a cross placed there by a preacher long ago. The owner of the land where the cavern is located does not talk about it and shows no alarm when cattle or other animals mysteriously vanish.

These three young men (whose names this writer has on file) later entered the Korean War and the last I heard they were planning to return to this cave one day; this time better prepared to fight off any attackers. Whether they did or not I cannot say.

Of all those living in this territory, only a handful have made investigations of these incidents. One such person is our good friend Charles A. Marcoux who during the course of his investigations was living in the vicinity of Phoenix. As a result of his investigations and experiences during his many explorations, he concluded that many entrances to the underworld existed in this region. His discoveries include the fact that many caverns in Arizona, New Mexico, Utah, Colorado, Nevada and California, are linked by tunnels which appear to be centrally located in Arizona.

"Several large openings which I have found, but not explored (so far they have not been entered by white men, nor are known to them), have great possibilities; but due to inexperienced help, or no help at all, these openings have been wisely left alone until further investigation can be carried out. I am sure that one of these leads to an area somewhere in the Grand Canyon. During my recent visit to the Grand Canyon, investigation showed me that it was not formed by time and erosion, but rather by earthquakes, the sharp edges that drop a sheer mile to the floor definitely is evidence of a sudden opening and swallowing up of the land. I believe that the remains of an ancient civilization can still be found there, and that their underground tunnels spread out, throughout the Southwest. The Hopi legend claims that the tribe came from the underworld. Somewhere from the Colorado River, they left their underworld civilization after a long and bitter war with the spider women; this legend is part of their current day religious beliefs."

Physically speaking, the underground people in the area are reportedly mutants from degeneration. A case in point is a tale "Marc"

(as his friends sometimes call him) once told this writer about an odd incident which occurred in January, 1962, near the Verde Valley. A woman who was on her way to Phoenix from Prescott, had an accident. She rolled her car over and the force threw her out. The car landed on her—how long she laid there, she doesn't know, but suddenly out of the desert, came this thing, some ten feet high and web footed, which lifted the car off her and disappeared back in the direction from which it had come. This same creature has been seen, we are told, several times before and after this incident. On one occasion the same being, or perhaps a relative, was seen by two old prospectors while working on their claim in a mining community a good 60 miles North of where the lady had the accident. There are many caves in this area which have never been searched to discover what sort of things they might unknowingly house.

One case that Jim Moseley (editor of the semi-serious *Saucer Smear*) and I are both very much familiar with was the so-called Robert Dobbins exploration, since we were among those invited to join in on the search for treasure that had been guarded by small disc-shaped objects and an invisible force that prevented anyone from venturing very far into the mouth of this particular cave.

On the day of the arrival of the exploration party, the telephone at the headquarters went out of order. The jeep that was to take the arriving members to the area broke down. Just about everything that could go wrong did go wrong. And because of various illnesses and other problems, neither Jim Moseley nor I could go along on this exciting venture.

Apparently several people did reach the cave and explored its depths. But nothing of interest was apparently found. No treasure, no dero, nor any miniature saucers.

Fantastic as these stories may seem, this is the same general area where bodies of both dwarfs and giants have been uncovered. Along with the remains of these bodies, some in an extremely high state of mummification, have been found tools and eating utensils. Bones of larger beings, some as large as 10 feet tall, have also been the talk of scientific circles.

Perhaps all these "tales" are nothing more than old wives' stories, yet one cannot help but wonder what has happened to the hundreds of persons who have mysteriously lost their lives or vanished from the face of the earth while exploring this area.

Chapter Fifteen: Rainbow City

Over the centuries many legends have sprung up telling us of the existence of polar entrances which lead to a vast subsurface world. According to the November 2, 1959 issue of *Life Magazine,* "The Pueblo-dwelling Hopies of the southwestern desert believed that man once lived in an underworld paradise." In this world, "people were prosperous and happy until they grew licentious. In punishment the waters rose in the underworld." As means of escape the people climbed up a giant reed onto the surface of the planet. There are countless tribes on the North American continent which claim that this subsurface world existed at the North Pole. Tunnels from this underground world are said to reach into Canada, as well as parts of Tennessee, Arkansas and Missouri.

Near this entrance is said to exist an ancient center of culture called "Rainbow City," which currently is in the hands of reincarnated descendants of the first colonizers from outer space who made tropical Antarctica the "Mother Land of the World" some two and a half million years ago. There also exist six other cities (all connected by vast underground tunnels), completely dormant, while "Rainbow City" is protected on all sides by warm hot springs. However to prevent its being discovered, and exploited by outsiders, ice walls some ten thousand feet high have been built around the city so that it can be reached only by those who know its exact location.

Rainbow City was first discovered in 1942 by Emery (his last name has been kept secret for good reasons), a professional musician still active today in certain theatre circles, with the help and assistance of the Ancient Three.

In a privately circulated text (until now restricted to a very few)

Mr. and Mrs. William Hefferlin, formerly of San Francisco (now believed to be living in Rainbow City with 2,000 other people) describe Emery's first visit as follows.

Emery guided the ship down into the park belonging to the temple at Rainbow City. There was sufficient room between the huge trees for him to maneuver the ship safely. He was amazed to see the high structures, before him, towering into the air, and capped by a pyramidal structure, whose base was the same size as the Temple. Lights were shining on the outside of the Temple and in every street from the Temple Plaza.

As Emery and the small group with him moved to the Temple, they were not sure that their eyes were clear. For everything was a conglomerate mass of colors set in the oddest ways. All the colors of the rainbow were used in the plastics, which made up the streets, the buildings, and the Temple. There were bright reds, screaming oranges, and violent purples too—but sparingly. The predominant colors are the softer, more subdued tones. All in all, the effect is not at all harsh, but is very pleasing.

The group entered a door set at ground level in the Temple wall, which opened onto a short flight of steps, that led down into an anteroom, which was below the first floor level of the Temple. This in turn led to a large room which had carved upright pillars, tables with what appeared to be lamps upon them. Books were lying on the tables and other books were stacked in racks. There were chairs placed about at various tables. Everything was of larger than normal size, indicating that the people who built these things were around eight feet tall at the least.

Over at one side of the room was a huge chair-like thing with great arms, with what appeared to be keyboards covered with queer characters set into the arms. Hanging from a hook, on the back of the chair, was what appeared to be some form of book. The back of this chair towered high into the air, and there was a strange bucketlike cap, that was set in upright slots, so that it could be raised and lowered over the seat. From this sliding piece and from the foot-rest, many strands of wire were gathered into cables, which went into a wall behind what seemed to be a control board. For it was covered with knots and levers and pointers, on what seemed to be graduated dial faces. Soft, artificial light glowed in the room, casting no shadows. There was nothing in the dark in that room—everything was fully illuminated.

Emery and those with him had touched nothing as yet, for it was all too unknown at the moment. Yet curiosity drew them on. Emery examined one of the lamp-like affairs, but he found no indication of a switch or button. The base was set firmly into the table so that it could not be moved, or it was exceptionally heavy. Emery put his hand on the shade of the lamp and it turned very slightly under his hand. He pushed harder, and a stream of clear brilliant light fell in a circle upon the table top right over the book that was lying there. He opened the book at random and a voice issued from the book, speaking in an unknown language. The pages were covered with strange characters and as the voice continued speaking, little lights illuminated groups of the characters, then passed onto the next group. With the rhythmic voice speaking and groups of characters being successively lit up, Emery surmised that the voice was speaking the words of the text. Later, he learned that his surmise was correct.

When the lights had illuminated the last group of characters on that page the voice ceased, not to be resumed until the page was turned. Closing the covers of the book also caused the voice to cease. These volumes became known as "The Talking Books."

After this Emery began to examine the pillars. Upon the first was carved a representation of the Solar System, with the third and fourth planets in colors—the third green and the fourth red. Leading from the red planet was a group of elongated dots, and other marks, that looked like pointers headed toward the base of the green planet. On the same pillar was a series of markings (straight lines) in arithmetical order; after each group appeared a character evidently depicting the numeral system. There were circles divided into different ways and characters in relation to them. There were squares and triangles and cubes with different sets of characters following.

Also on the same pillar were a group of characters, the same kind which appeared in the Talking Book. That was evidently the alphabet.

Close by the pillar was a table with many piles of books upon it. Each pile carried a little piece of plastic with a carved character upon it. Comparing the characters on the plastic with the characters of the counting system, Emery discovered that each pile of books was numbered in arithmetical order, beginning with Number One. Inasmuch as it was vitally necessary to learn the language, so they would be able to understand the many things there in Rainbow City, Emery, as leader of the expedition, set every one to work studying the books in the first

pile. The group soon progressed through Number 14, known as "The Book of Zo."

The first books were silent, but they were definitely primers in the way they were compiled. There were the separate characters which were used in forming the words. There was a picture of the Solar System, and it had its name. The various planets were pointed out, each with its name. Then a single house with its name, and another term below it. There were other structures with a name attached to each, and the same under each. Emery judged that the specific name for the structure was the first one; then the general term under which the structure of various kinds were grouped. There were many other nouns pictured and names. Then they turned to the verbs. Pictures of action and its equivalent term under each picture. There were also simple arithmetic problems, such as addition tables each with simple marks showing the addition, and what they counted; then the symbol that represented that group number.

When they had finished with the first set of books, they went over to the second set. These were duplicates of the first books, but with the one addition of voice. The alphabet was repeated—each letter repeated several times by voice and illuminated at the same time. Then the simple numbers were sounded, and the simple addition tables, simple subtraction tables. Is it any wonder that we have said elsewhere that the city had been left in preparation for a return of Mankind some day?

Fortunately for Emery he had a knowledge of a number of European languages, as well as a knowledge of Oriental. He discovered that the root words of certain sacred Asiatic languages were basically the root words of this ancient language of Rainbow City, and this made it easier to help the others learn. The talking books gave them pronunciation and inflection, and led into other books that were more technical, and much deeper in many subjects, including math. There are many subjects that no one has touched yet, because there are not enough people to cover all subjects, and their time in Rainbow City has been so very short—only six years at this writing. After the group had studied quite a way in the books, they read the instruction book on the chair-like machine, then followed them. They each sat in the chair, with hands fastened down on the arms. The huge cap was lowered over the head, and the power turned on. This machine sent a gentle vibration throughout the brain and nerves. They found that later they could

continue and learning of the language with greater ease and flexibility in speech. Also that their comprehension of the contents of the books was greater.

Growing in the center of the city are giant shade trees and flowering plants, luxurious beyond belief, whose individual blooms measure at times as much as three feet in diameter. Plastics are used for the walls, floors and roofs of all the buildings composing "Rainbow City." "The homes and all buildings are heated or cooled by heat or cold radiations from the walls and floors. The very color of the dwellings can be adjusted through a change in the color vibration control and the walls either become opaque or transparent as desired, by adjusting a switch in the wall."

The main structure, towering far above all others, is RAINBOW TEMPLE where all the knowledge of the ancient races is stored in great libraries and museums. "The libraries are so arranged that they are accessible to the laboratories above them..." In the top of the Temple there are fully equipped laboratories and every possible facility for research in electricity, chemistry, and all other known sciences.

Other rooms have been constructed for worship and hospital facilities. One of the noted physicians to make the journey in 1942 was supposed to have been at one time the Court Physician at the palace in Budapest.

Most of the walls in the Temple are "elaborately decorated, whether carved or molded, we do not know. But the plastic is extremely hard and tough. All heat is radiated from the walls, floors and ceiling. There are no light fixtures, as light, too, is radiated from the walls, ceilings, and floors. A simple push on a button chooses the kind of light that is desired. In here there is no difference between night and day, because one has the choice of choosing that particular light. This same light source seems to revitalize the air and act as an air conditioner as well. Draftless, shadowless, peace and quiet is here for rest and relaxation, study or contemplation, thought or concentration."

The outside of the Temple can be reached from all avenues of the city. All buildings in the vicinity are two and one-half stories high. Then "two stories high, and as one goes farther from the temple, one story high. Close in near the Temple there are buildings stocked full of all things, similar to our present day retail stores. Here in this city there are no apartment houses or tenements, no crowding; each house has a spacious lot for flower gardens and trees."

We are also told that all of the heavy industry was carried out in the underground city of some five levels surrounding the Temple's basement. Also underground there are stores, workshops and houses. Sunlight does not exist—since the city is not exposed to the sky—but is simulated by special light equipment. We are told by the Hefferlins that "The saying, often referred to in history, 'that there were giants IN the earth in those days,' could well have applied here, for everything is of larger than to us normal size."

Some of the electrical equipment found in the Temple was utterly fantastic. In fact one room was in itself a television viewer which could be set to tune in on the past. And also by setting the viewer in a certain fashion and entering a door in the "viewer room" it was possible to teleport one's self to any location on earth. The name for this door was "portal" and we are told that mythology, folklore and religion seem to give some hints to substantiate these Portals, and we must consider that mythology and folklore as well as religion are but a resume of the past." One example which the Hefferlin's quote in their text is that:

"Vulcan made for the Gods the golden shoes with which they trod the air, or the water, and moved from place to place with the speed of the wind, or even thought."

The Portals can also be used to transport supplies and man from various locations to other places. "These same Portals will reach out through local space to the Moon, but not much farther at present."

There are many cases in Shaver Lore telling of teleportations. According to Shaver these portals (called by him teleport mech) were left by the Elder race and sometimes now get into the hands of degenerate deros or other subsurface dwellers lacking intelligence.

One case in our files comes from T. Arthur Ainslee, of Temple City, California whose father-in-law was one of California's most prolific composers and, in respect to his memory and to members of the family, still living, as well as to those characters in this story, must remain unnamed. However according to Mr. Ainslee the story is nevertheless essentially true.

We quote here Mr. Ainslee's personal letter to Mrs. Shaver:

"A few years ago my father-in-law was regaling the members of the family with experiences of his youth in southern California while making a living as a pianist in a small orchestra which played for private dances, fancy balls, etc.

"One evening while playing at the mansion of one of the local cit-

rus barons, the members of the band, who were, in reality, members in good social standing, and as such were treated more as guests than as hired musicians, became high on champagne as the morning hours arrived.

"At the close of the festivities, the members of the orchestra, carrying instruments and cases to the waiting carriage, buggies, and horseless carriages, became aware that the drummer was not accompanying them. A hurried search revealed that he had walked through a pair of French doors and carrying his bass drum only, had wandered off through the surrounding orange orchard. Being rather stubborn after a few drinks, he refused to return to the carriages with the others and it was decided to allow him to walk off his binge, and knowing that he would obtain transportation, the others drove on to their respective homes.

"That was the last that anyone, so far as is known, has never seen of the man! He left a wife and family, friends, social position, a good living, and just vanished. The law and private investigators could uncover no clues as to his whereabouts, nor as to his means of disappearance."

He had apparently entered the citrus baron's orchard, fully dressed in evening clothes, still carrying a bass drum thrown over his back, and never was seen leaving the orchard.

But the hitch is yet to come, for according to Ainslee, years passed and a friend had loaned him a copy of Charles Fort's books and he had read them considering them "a bit boxing in its fantasy, having (what I considered) a scientific sort of mind, though too far-fetched for serious thinkers." Suddenly he found himself reading one of Fort's various accounts of mysterious teleportations. This case concerned a man who had shown up dressed in evening clothes and carrying a drum on his back right smack in the middle of an Australian party encamped in the vast desert of the interior of that continent:

"In the light of their campfire about which the party was gathered, strode a white man, immaculately clad in evening clothes, and carrying a bass drum on his back. He seemed not to be dusty not tired. He showed no evidence of having walked more than a few yards through a wilderness. He could not tell how he happened to be there, how he arrived, not did he know his own identity. He returned to civilization with the party, and as I recall Fort states that his identity was never established." Is it possible that this character mentioned in Charles Fort's book is the musician who disappeared in southern California?

In the unpublished Hefferlin manuscript (some 160 typewritten pages have circulated among students of the "Shaver Mystery" for the past 22 years) we are told that "It was by use of these Portals, that part of the exploration of the great tunnel system—that networks the entire globe, was accomplished." Vast yards full of subsurface trains exist here with the main terminal station directly below Rainbow City. Each train is about 100 feet in diameter, and each coach length is three and one half times its diameter; each engine two times its diameter. "When in operation the trains float free of all walls; when at rest they fit into grooved channels in the side walls. The top speed of these trains is unknown but our group of scientists tested them well above two thousand miles per hour."

These trains are constructed of the toughest metal imaginable, unknown to surface mortals. At the time that Emery visited Rainbow City only a few mainlines and their terminals and trunk lines were in operation. However, according to existing map routes, these tunnels run deep underground and spread throughout the entire world going beneath "the seas and land surfaces in all directions."

"Of the tunnels explored, one branch line ends in what is now a swamp in the heart of South America. Here, from the evidence of old ruins in the vicinity, was once a great sea port and thriving city, of ancient times on an ancient sea shore. According to maps of today, this is in the upper reaches of the present Amazon River, in the mysterious district in which a number of explorers, from the United States and other countries, have gone into and from which they have not returned. [Much more on this in other chapters.]

"Another ends in a now closed cave in the southwestern part of the United States, in an Indian territory or Reservation."

Another tunnel ends in the Northwestern part of Wyoming, just west of Sheridan. The end is some 200 feet or more up the sides of a mountain. At the end of this particular tunnel, and at the end of all others, there are great doors, that seal each tunnel "section by section, and all tunnels are empty." Only the terminal depots have any machinery in them "and these are for handling freight and other equipment. Emery, along with a number of members of his 1942 expedition party, claim that the Inca's fabled hoard of wealth was concealed in a tunnel mouth end in the Andes Mountain Range. It still remains there untouched..." They were able to examine this area by use of TV portals in Rainbow City.

Has anyone else visited Rainbow City to verify its existence. Yes, according to Pippa Braybrook, our correspondent in England, who has known for some time a Mr. W. South who lives in Crescent, Brighton, Sussex, England. His story is as follows:

"When I lived in Cornwall, I used to visit a sheep farmer's house in the middle of the Moor. Over a cup of tea, he revealed to me, by showing me a paybook of the German Navy, that he himself had been before the war, an explorer in the ice regions of Alaska and North Canada. When he talked with the fur-trappers in the Hudson Bay County, he was shown rare maps of a certain field and heard of a hidden world. Leaving Canada with this information, the time being 1939, he returned to Germany and was given a Secret Mission with a 1,200 ton long range submarine, a new survey boat.

"During my period in Cornwall, I often visited him and have recently written to him about our mission to find the ice city (known as Rainbow City). He wrote me a very guarded letter saying that he dared not write about it in a letter and that I must contact him in person.

"Commander X was for years a secret agent with a cover story. He says: 'There is in the region of the Ice City of the North one Portal or door in Northern Canada, or in Alaska in the mountain regions under a frozen waterfall. Here are huge caves of electronic apparatus and huge storage rooms controlled by robot machines, worked by a computer, a super-brain machine. Here also is a solar orb, used as sunlight. Huge lakes of of thermal springs abound.' "

Chapter Sixteen: The Hollow Hills

Shaver has long contended that in many medieval writings there is a reference to the "Hollow Hill," constructions which appear roughly like cliffs, Indian mesa homes or huge mounds of earth. These are in fact buildings covered over with mud of the great Biblical deluge, "under a moon gone mad...when it was first captured by earth's gravitational tether."

This mud, covering every part of the surface of earth, turned into rock, in the same manner that cement hardens, after the flood finally subsided.

Through contact with friendly cavern ray it has been discovered that in spots this mud crust may be only 15 or 16 feet thick and often takes the appearance of doors or windows in the "solid" rock.

These "dents" are often the remains of the top parts of "domes," as the old races called the tops of the shafts leading to the surface. These were places where sun and air were available directly. They are the top parts of shafts that go deep, deep into the subsurface strata where the underworld cities, railways, highways and the real world of the people of the past is located.

Other "hollow hills" have been created artificially by the people in the caves below so that they cannot be easily located from the surface except by people in the know. Thus some of these "hollow hills" are still untouched by marauders because of the mud disguise placed over them.

Shaver tells us in his writings that these untouched ancient dwellings are what really brings the "flying saucers" into the wilder and unsettled portions of earth. There they can tunnel into hollow hills unobserved by prying humans who don't know what ancient treasures earth possesses under its crust.

One of these "hills" or "mounds" has—according to yellowed newspaper clippings—been located near Binger, Oklahoma, by a newspaper reporter whose story was recently uncovered by Mrs. Cossette Willoughby of San Jose, California. She has spent a great deal of time investigating odd phenomena dealing with the Shaver Mystery. Unfortunately she cannot recall the exact source for the story although she remembers quite vividly that it was written 24 or 25 years ago.

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This story takes place on the outskirts of the town of Binger, Oklahoma. It was back in the '30s, when I was a vacationing newspaper reporter. In fact I was between jobs. I had come out West from Chicago. Having some close friends in Binger, Oklahoma, I decided to visit them on my way to California, where I would start on another assignment. Pat and Louis lived on the north end of Binger in a very comfortable home built on a very flat prairie land. I arrived late in the afternoon. We had an early dinner and retreated to the large front porch, where it was cool and restful. In the course of conversation, I had noticed out in the distance, about half a mile from the house, what seemed to be a huge mound. I questioned my friends about it, but learned that it was a subject nobody wanted to talk about. I was doggedly persistent, however, and Pat finally told this story:

The mound had been there for a long time, even before the white man came to this country. It was said to be haunted. Nobody tarried for very long there, for there seemed to be a strange atmosphere of foreboding, or impending evil about the place. Everyone who was brave enough to venture near the place left as quickly as he had come. Pat also stated that there were some who claimed to have seen two phantoms who haunted the place—one by day, and the other by night. The one by day was a woman, and the one by night was a headless man. I found this a strange story indeed, and being as curious as I was, and also seeing in this the prospects of a good newspaper story, I decided to go to this Mound and see for myself. I rose at dawn the next morning, gathered together the few things I planned to take along and set out for the Mound. I arrived just as the sun began to tint the east with a faint glow. I took my small spade out of my pack and began to dig. It wasn't long before I had unearthed a silver cylinder containing some papers written in Spanish. (Luckily I could read that language. I took the papers out of the cylinder and began to read.)

It was written by one of Coronado's men when he had crossed Oklahoma in search of the Seven Cities of Gold. Alfonzo was his name. He and three others had wandered off on their own, and got lost from the main unit of Coronado's men. After wandering off on their own, seemingly going around in circles for several days, and running short of food, they came upon a large cave. Being young and adventurous, they lit a couple of candles and entered. The passageway was very winding, and there were many side passages, and as they wandered farther and farther into the dark they realized that they were hopelessly lost and their two meager candles were burning quite low. Soon they would be in total darkness.

There was nothing to do but to walk on—and on—and on, hoping they would at least find drinking water. After a while, which seemed like an eternity to them, they began to sense the passage beginning to slant more steeply downward, and at times they had an eerie feeling that they were being watched, at times even sensing a strange musty animal odor. The darkness began to become less dense and far ahead they began to see a faint blue glow. As they came nearer, they found the passage suddenly opened upon a strange landscape. There was grass growing, and in the distance they could faintly see some kind of buildings. The musty animal odor grew stronger so they approached the nearest building. It seemed to be some kind of a temple, for there were rough hewn benches, and altar vessels of pure gold. Suddenly there was a commotion outside the temple. Upon looking outside they saw a group of tall, strange Indian-like people and also several strange repulsive looking animals which gave off the musty animal odor. These weird beasts had pinkish white, hairless, skin and walked on all fours—like a dog would.

The Indian people were rather "normal" in appearance, except that they had rather long heads which extended high above the ears.

The spokesman for the group then stepped forward and in pure Castilian Spanish said: "Welcome to the blue litten land of Kenyan. You will be allowed to live here, but you may never leave. For this is a secret place, never to be known to the outside world."

The aged papers continued with the following weird account supplied by one of those lost souls:

"We were allotted comfortable houses to live in and women for our wives. My wife was named Teen. She was a pleasant and loving mate, and for a time I was contented and happy in my life deep under-

ground. But gradually I began to yearn for the outside world. I longed to see the sun again, and feel the rain, and walk in the beautiful moonlight. I spent many monotonous hours telling Teen of the outside world, until she became as anxious as I to escape. One time while listening to one of my many stories, she said, 'There is a way out of this land, but it will not be easy. We will have to leave while all are gathered for evening vespers.' (This was a brief ritual that was held at the close of every day).

"Quickly we loaded our meager belongings on the back of one of the strange beasts, waited till the time seemed right, and started off down one of the remote side passages on the edge of Kenyan.

"We must have walked for a very long while, when we decided to take a little rest. We must have been more fatigued than I thought, for we both soon fell into a sound sleep and didn't awaken until quite some time later. When we did, we found our pack animal was gone. What we neglected to remember was that these strange repulsive animals could communicate with their masters. During the night (I should say our long sleep) the animal we had brought with us went back to the underground city of Kenyan and told what we had done.

"Hurriedly we gathered together our belongings and set forth once again, but all was in vain, for we were soon overtaken and the penalty for our crime was death. But this is not all they plan to do to us. They have a way of preserving our dead bodies, and mine will walk by night and poor Teen's will walk by day, to keep away the curious outsiders who might find their way into the passage that leads to Kenyan.

"I beg of you, do not try!"

As I finished reading the old papers I seemed to awaken out of a dream. Hurriedly I buried them where I had found them, grabbed up my pack and left the mound. For I had no wish to see more, and it was time for poor Teen's body to take its vigil walk by day.

Chapter Seventeen: Pre-Deluge Artifacts

In the last years of his life, Richard S. Shaver specialized in the study of what he called "Rock Books," pre-deluge artifacts of a highly advanced civilization that existed on Earth in the distant past. In this chapter, we are printing an short article from Shaver's personal papers, along with a selection of his rock "images." Looking at Rock Books is a technique that has to be "acquired." It is not just a form of "Ink Blot" test in which the viewer sees different images at different times. In many cases it requires delicate image-processing techniques, many of which were not perfected when Shaver was still alive.

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Much is to be learned about the pre-deluge civilizations which populated the world and later hid in the caves. These ancient peoples were highly skilled technicians in art and optics, so much so that they made "3-D" paintings on rocks. By using various projection devices they were able to place on these stones record upon record. Only upon careful study can they be deciphered. And mind you, these are not just random things, but can be uncovered almost everywhere in the world.

This library happens to have been printed on silica, and it is in remarkably good condition. The people who wrote these "books" were the people who built the Cyclopean ruins that dot the world.

The Cyclopean ruins are what is left of the greatest of ancient cultures. Many of them were giants in stature, and so were their cities. One of their buildings usually covered more than a city block.

About the best example is Tiahuanaca on Lake Titicaca in Peru. Others can be seen on TV Westerns disguised as picturesque backgrounds. You can't mistake their method of cutting rocks to fit each

opening, something almost no other builders ever did; because they found it too difficult to cut the rocks to shape. The Cyclopeans could and did cut rocks to any shape they wanted, easily, with cutting devices superior to any. These pre-deluge walls were NOT put together by mortar! They were often "keyed" together by a slot and a bar of silver.

It was these silver bars that made the Spaniards tear down much of the Inca buildings. But the Spaniards never knew these buildings were older than the Incan culture.

The Aztec culture, too, was built upon a much older civilization. What the Aztecs knew about astronomy, for instance, astounded the Spaniards and later scholars. But they never got it figured out in textbooks that the Aztecs never developed their science, but learned it from the older city, the ruins of which they used, as did the Incas, to build their own structures upon and from it.

This fact is also true of the Egyptian and the Greek cultures. Both built their temples and their pyramids upon the bases, the foundations, and from the stones left by a pre-deluge culture. Even the so-called Egyptian quarries may have been pre-deluge.

This is NOT Shaver's opinion. It is a fact you can find in every good text upon the aforesaid architectural details of the ancient structures.

Both the Mayan and the Aztec cultures used glyphs and certain other forms of picture writing that they copied first from more ancient structures. What science the Mayans and the Aztecs knew, and what engineering the Incas showed such aptitude with, was learned from these older writings, and from a study of the more ancient masters' structures.

All of which leads is to the present-day concept of the past as being exclusively composed of characters like "Oop" and "Dinny" of Mu, or the "Flintstones."

This view of the past is precisely the opposite of the facts. The past was infinitely long, infinitely full of variously highly developed peoples of great numbers.

You don't have to take my word for it. You can start studying their very books and reading them is really not too difficult.

You can find mention of these picture stones in many old writings. Writers telling of the troubadours and skalds and minstrels of medieval time mention that they carried small stones which they used to "sing from."

Picture stones are not, as some have suggested, simple accidental

formations of the curlicues in agate. They are in fact microfilms printed in crystal in three dimensions. They contain perfectly visible print. Letters are of several main kinds. Greek type in horizontal rows, Oriental type in vertical arrangements, picture graphs, etc. With some time and study, others, many others, in fact can be uncovered.

To see this text properly you should have a kind of x-ray device with mobile scanner and magnifier into which you would place the stone on a revolving table. Somewhat in principle like our record player but three-dimensional, "3-D" here meaning that the solid stone contains solid pictures, like sculptures, but different in the complex lamination of "2-D" pictorials so arranged as to give a varying "3-D" image.

But we do not have the penetrative projection and scanning apparatus for which the stones were designed. We have to do our best with what we can get hold of, magnifying lenses, and our two hands to begin with.

To see these tiny pictures with an ordinary lens and ordinary light, you must know what they were made for and why they are in the peculiar shapes they are. You see a man with three heads—it does not mean he had three heads. It does mean the shutter changed this into a movement of the head by turning in focus. The focus area was the picture—this is admittedly hard to learn. Once you learn to recognize the intended focus area, you can follow the pictures around without too much confusion. People with no feet does not mean that. Look closer and you see that they have fins. People flying through the air are actually people swimming under water in their natural element. It takes time to know what you are seeing. Don't assume things, but study them out.

Picture yourself as an African savage finding microfilm and a burning glass in a dead white hunter's pack. You could learn a lot by putting the two to proper use, but you don't know what they mean. The letters in the sub-titles are a mystery.

You must examine hundreds of these to get a broad picture of life as it was lived before the deluge.

I quite frequently get letters from people who say, "Oh Shaver you're seeing things." Or they say that the forms are accidental (as the *National Geographic* did recently, although devoting many pages to these wonderful rocks) and not really the result of any pre-deluge civilization. But for everyone of these kind folk, I have ten letters confirm-

ing my discovery. Many come from highly responsible persons. The Kinnaman Foundation believes that "there is abundant scientific, historical, Biblical and archaeological" data available to prove what I am saying is a FACT. E. Gruenthal, Ph.D (head of Crio Photo Laboratories), stated under his letterhead that said pictures "are clearly to be seen."

Even flying saucer organization heads are taking this seriously now. Keith Jenkins, Secretary of the Flying Saucer Research Organization, said in his publication that he was "amazed at all the creatures I saw. So human like. I haven't spent more than perhaps 30 minutes looking at them...but they're there such as life."

Michael J. Campione, head of an AFSCA group in Riverton, New Jersey, has stated, "They are fantastic, to say the least."

Here is a sample of the kind of open-minded comments I get. Mr. Erich Aggen is an associate of *Space World* magazine, which isn't some "nutty" fanzine. It is a highly technical magazine, dealing with space achievements, and read by professionals in the field.

"If anyone says they can't see those pictures, they must be completely blind! They certainly are not 'accidents'—they are *intelligent* etchings and carvings done by *intelligent* people!

"I notice that on each slide of stone there are literally dozens of different images practically all of mer-men and mer-women...."

These mer-men and mer-women are the earliest of all people who lived on earth. Their civilization was an underwater one. Men living in crevices and sea caves, using a highly developed camouflage technique to protect themselves from such unstoppable creatures as huge tiger sharks and killer whales. From the rocks I have been able to decode, it seems that these underwater people had a steady running battle with a long-legged creature very much like the Tyrannosaurus, but smaller. In the same way that the Indian stalked buffalo wearing a buffalo hide, there are pictures of early undersea men stalking herds of these creatures. The whole scene is underwater and is very beautiful.

And yet I suspect that the best finds will be uncovered in the tundra below the everfrost or will fall out of a melting glacier after a hundred thousand years or so of frozen protection.

So listen to one-eyed Dick when he says there are many pictures in many rocks, and the pictures are from a wiser and less-blind world in the past.

This drawing describes the experience of Signora Dainelli, who claimed that two little men grabbed flowers and stockings from her hands during a UFO flap in Italy during 1953. Were these "little people" from the underworld?

Richard Shaver believed that the pre-Atlantean history of our planet could be found imprinted inside certain rocks which when cut away told wondrous stories of a lost now-forgotten world.

Chapter Eighteen: A Trip By Saucer to the Center of the Earth

Dr. Raymond Bernard, featured elsewhere in this book, is one of the most controversial figures in UFO and occult research. He is controversial not only as a result of his voluminous writings on these subjects, but for his mysterious disappearance as well.

As he states in the private paper below, which he sent to this author some years ago, Dr. Bernard spent many years searching South America for entrances to underground civilizations he believed existed below the surface. After the United States exploded the atomic bomb, he became concerned about the world radiation levels, but believed South America would be a relatively safe haven should an atomic war develop.

He became known to flying saucer researchers because of his belief that the UFOs come from the center of the earth. He corresponded widely with many of them, including this editor, after he had settled in Joinville, Santa Catarina, Brazil, where he hoped to set up a colony for people throughout the world who wanted to come there and develop that rich agricultural area—and escape what he believed to be a coming atomic holocaust.

In 1964, Dr. Bernard felt that he was ready to invite the first settlers, and sent out considerable correspondence on this subject. During 1965, however, his letters ceased abruptly, and letters were returned from Joinville marked "deceased." Researchers looking into this matter, however, were unable to find any records, such as medical records or a death certificate, of Dr. Bernard's demise.

During the latter part of 1964, he claimed that he had found the

entrances to several underground cities, and had actually entered some of these portals to the inner earth. He believed that these entrances existed throughout South America.

Many writers in the United States have accused Dr. Bernard of fabricating his information as a money-making scheme. Based on our own correspondence with him and our long personal investigations, the author does not believe these accusations. Dr. Bernard's books were published by U.S. firms, and he earned no royalty payments from them. He offered the tracts of land, to be settled by colonists, at very modest costs, and offered to give the land free to those without financial resources.

It is evident that Dr. Bernard's source of subsistence came from a relatively modest estate, inherited from his mother, and amounting to some $100,000, upon which he lived and conducted his work during his years of searching for entrances to the inner earth.

Since no records of his death could be found, and since he had often referred to possible trips to the inner earth, it is most natural to reach the rather fantastic conclusion that he either met with some accident in his explorations or actually penetrated the inner earth, where he either met with an unfortunate fate—or perhaps is still alive (though he'd be quite old by now).

The following report was sent to this writer by Dr. Bernard shortly before his death or mysterious disappearance. It is up to the reader to come to a conclusion on the authenticity of this material. For the sake of historical accuracy, I have not edited or otherwise altered the words contained in this narrative. Punctuation and capitalization has been retained.

• • •

After a 32-year search through 20 countries of Central and South America, I at last found what I sought—THE SUBTERRANEAN CITIES OF THE ATLANTEANS, which exist mostly in Santa Catarina, Brazil and especially in the Joinville area. Luminous flying saucers were seen to rise from a subterranean city of small men, and from other subterranean cities of tall Atlanteans. The world will learn that FLYING SAUCERS ARE OF SUBTERRANEAN ORIGIN.

Other planets could not possibly be so much interested in us as to send space ships here, while those who live inside the earth and receive air from the outside are very interested to prevent contamina-

tion of the air they breathe by radioactivity. It is interesting to note that flying saucers started coming in quantity after 1945, when the first atomic bomb exploded in Hiroshima. They came as an act of self-defense to prevent radioactive contamination of the atmosphere.

I have discovered many subterranean cities and have spotted the location of about 50 in this part of Brazil. My mission is to save a remnant of the human race from the coming nuclear holocaust predicted to occur when the Chinese Dragon starts to spit forth atomic fire. I am attempting to do what Noah did before the outbreak of the nuclear war that destroyed Atlantis and brought on the flood, by gathering a group and bringing them to Brazil, then an Atlantean colony, where their engineers built subterranean cities for protection against fallout and flood. These people and their descendants still live in these cities. I am not collecting a group of Brazilian men, women and children wishing to establish residence in such cities and wish to save as many Americans as possible. This undertaking to save a remnant of mankind is entirely humanitarian and non-commercial (for the subterranean people use no money and require no payment of those they accept in their subterranean cities).

A Journey to the Subterranean World

In my various books, I have presented scientific evidence to prove that the earth, rather than being a solid sphere with molten metal at its center, is rather a hollow ball, whose crust is about 800 kilometers thick, with openings at north and south extremities, and with a small sun in its center. This sun gives off light for the plant, animal and HUMAN life which exists in the inner earth.

When I wrote these books I presented a well-founded scientific concept and theory of the earth's structure, but had no experimental evidence in proof of my theory except Admiral Byrd's expeditions, which entered the 1,700 miles into the North Pole opening and 2,300 miles into the South Pole opening. For material related to this, one should read my book, *The Hollow Earth.*

Since then, however, other evidence has appeared which PROVES BEYOND A SHADOW OF A DOUBT what I had previously written. I shall now relate a most amazing experience by one of the 20 explorers working with me, concerning a trip in a giant cigar-shaped flying saucer to the center of the earth, without entering either the north or south opening. I quote from my explorer friend who does not want his

name revealed at this time. Thus he shall be known only as R.K. Here is his story:

"A certain hunter who had spent much of his life tramping through the mountains of Santa Catarina informed Dr. Raymond Bernard, director of our expedition, that one day he came across an immense tunnel inside of which he saw a giant air vehicle which he described as a Zeppelin. Dr. Bernard therefore engaged this hunter to bring me to this tunnel. I entered the tunnel and found inside this strange immense air vehicle and its pilot, a subterranean man.

"I wanted to take a photo of the air vehicle, but the pilot would not permit it. However, he did invite me to ascend the staircase leading to a door in the vehicle, and I entered. It was magnificently furnished inside and could accommodate about 40 passengers. The hunter who accompanied me also entered the vehicle.

"I made a second trip to this same tunnel at a later date, this time alone. When I entered the vehicle, the door closed and I was taken for a trip. The vehicle had no windows and I was unable to see where I went, or perhaps the windows were purposely closed to guard certain important secrets.

"There was no sound of any motor and the vehicle was completely silent. It was operated by a different form of energy, and so I concluded it was a giant cigar-shaped flying saucer. I expected it to leave the tunnel and fly in the sky, but instead it traveled deeper and deeper into the tunnel. Then it began descending and I felt a strange sensation in my stomach, the same as when an elevator descends rapidly in one of New York's skyscrapers. The descent took about half an hour and I figured the vehicle traveled at supersonic speed, because, as Dr. Bernard explained, showing me a diagram from his book, that what really happened was that the vehicle descended through an inclined tunnel connecting the earth's surface with its hollow interior—perhaps the only such connection between the two worlds, excepting the north and south polar openings.

"Finally, the feeling of descent in my stomach disappeared and it seemed that the vehicle was now flying horizontally. A large window at the bottom of the vehicle then opened, and much to my amazement I saw below me a large city. This city was much different from the much smaller subterranean cities inside the earth's crust and not far from the surface, of which Dr. Bernard discovered more than 60. These exist in Brazil, which was once an Atlantean colony and where Atlantis found

refuge and constructed subterranean cities for protection against floodwaters." (NOTE: While these subterranean cities exist only in Brazil within the western world, it is probable that they also exist in the Far East—Dr. Bernard).

"The vehicle then made a curve in order to return, and as it did, it tilted, and much to my surprise I saw a sun in the sky, though smaller and nearer than our sun, and dimmer and reddish in color. This is the central sun described by Dr. Bernard in his books. It is a remnant of the original fire before the formation of our planet.

"The vehicle then began to ascend and finally it returned to its starting point. I then returned to Dr. Bernard to tell him my experience. I really did not understand at all what I had gone through until he showed me diagrams from his book, *The Hollow Earth*, and explained that I was the first inhabitant of the Earth's surface ever to travel to the subterranean world in the hollow interior of the earth. He added that I made the greatest discovery and performed the greatest feat of exploration in history, much greater than that of Columbus, for while Columbus discovered a new continent, I discovered a NEW WORLD—THE SUBTERRANEAN WORLD.

"I then told Dr. Bernard that I had forgotten to tell him one thing—namely that the subterranean pilot had told me that a great reception was being prepared for him in the center of the earth, when I will bring him there on my next trip, for as a leader of our expedition, the subterranean people will honor him as the first inhabitant of the earth's surface to establish communication between the Upper World and the Subterranean World. This reception will take place in the City of Shamballah, world capital of the Subterranean World of Agharta. Here dwells the King of the World, its supreme potentate, ruling over millions of inhabitants of this empire. Dr. Bernard was thrilled when he heard of this invitation, for he has tirelessly searched and traveled for 32 years, covering more than 20 countries of Latin America to find what I found for him. He had spent the most of his personal fortune in his search for the inner earth empire."

(Here ends R.K.'s narrative—Dr. Bernard.)

This is undoubtedly THE GREATEST FEAT OF EXPLORATION IN HISTORY. I wish all who want to help me to come here and let me bring them to the tunnel in which this vehicle is stationed.

There are certain basic requirements, however, before anyone can enter the Subterranean World. These were given to me by the leaders of

that world. They are:

1. The applicant must abstain from all animal foods, and be a strict vegetarian, consuming no meat, fish, fowl, eggs, dairy products, honey, salt condiments, coffee, tea, cocoa, alcoholic beverages, etc.
2. He must not be addicted to the poisonous weed, tobacco.
3. Persons wishing to enter the inner earth must also be strictly chaste, for no sexual relations are allowed.

Right now there are about 100 individuals (men, women and children) in Santa Catarina ready to take up residents in the subterranean colony I am establishing, to be associated with one of the 60 subterranean cities I found, all of which have an abundance of fruits for the nutriment of their inhabitants. These fruits grow under the strange light that illuminates the subterranean cities. One such city was described by Bulwer Lytton in his book, *The Coming Race*. The subterranean race of fruitarians, who live for centuries, will be the coming race after surface cities are destroyed by the lethal fallout of World War III. Belief in an impending destruction is widespread in Brazil and this compels many people to seek refuge in the subterranean world, to escape the deadly fallout caused by the coming war and the flood to follow. This flood will be caused by melting of the polar ice caps by the heated atmosphere caused by superbomb explosions.

Another one of my explorers discovered a subterranean city in which exist marvelous automata or mechanical robots. These robots perform all kinds of useful labor and have electronic brains which, strange to relate, possess a degree of intelligence of their own. They can speak, answer questions, talk, open and close doors, etc. These robots are controlled by radiations coming from a control dial, something like a typewriter, operated by a subterranean man. When my explorer came to the door of this subterranean city, the robot opened the door and met him, together with the subterranean man who controlled him. The subterranean spoke Esperanto or a similar language, which had words from many of our languages, mixed together. When my explorer tried to take a photo of him, he grabbed the camera, which he later returned. To enter the tunnel that leads to this subsurface city one must pass through poisonous gases and must wear a mask and carry a tank of oxygen. My explorer spent some time in the subterranean city of Atlantean scientists, operating strange devices.

These subsurface world people ride in automatic cars that travel

at supersonic speeds along rails or something like this. My explorer has been invited to bring 11 other people to this city and each newcomer can bring eleven more. In this way, more and more people, who begin to realize that an inner earth really exists, can experience its actualities. They will also learn that the people who live in these cities are flesh and blood people who look, for the most part, just like you and me. Only their science and personal development is thousands of years more advanced than ours, on the outer surface of the planet.

The "Inner Earth" theory got a tremendous shot in the arm when publisher Ray Palmer released this issue of his privately-published *Flying Saucers* magazine in December, 1959.

Chapter Nineteen: A Report by Pipa Baysworth: Underground Man

We need not begin our researches by asking if man can live underground: he is already doing so. The Doomsday Men of today live in silos under the deserts of the United States, mostly in Montana, Nevada, Colorado, Texas, California, New Mexico and around New York. They live and work in bomb-proof capsules, 200 feet underground. A fifty megaton bomb, they are told, would only destroy their capsules and they have several week's emergency rations. All these "silo-sitters" are under orders from Strategic Aerospace Division at Vandenburg Air Force Base on the Californian Coast between Los Angeles and San Francisco.

How would civilians enjoy life underground? In Texas, Mr. and Mrs. Rogers have built a ten-room house 13 feet underground at a cost of $125,000, which should last 1,000 years. It is built within a concrete shell and has windows painted to simulate different times of day. Apparently plants and animals can prosper there as well as people. Air conditioning eliminates dust. The *Sunday Observer* reporter Mandrake observes: "So there they are, for 1,000 years—like the Thousand Year Reich."

The *Observer* also sent a reporter to Operation Deep Freeze in Antarctica last December. Again, fantastic as it sounds, men are living under the ice. He says: "We made for a sloping ramp diving down into the ice. It led to a cave-like entrance, where the light struck blue through the snow overhead. We found ourselves in a straight dim tunnel, electrically lighted, with solid huts at intervals, raised up from the ice-floor." This was at Byrd Station and we will hear more of Admiral

Byrd. At the South Pole itself, the reporter was taken through a wooden door into an electrically lit shaft, starting deep into the ice, with glistening satin-smooth walls. Some way down, a short side passage led to a rough-cut snow cavern, filled with an apparatus for measuring ice-flow. The ice flows 50 feet a year toward McMurdo Sound. This is an ice-cave laboratory indeed and another shaft (but horizontal) contains earthquake detectors, recorders of magnetic fields and cosmic rays.

Why is the South Pole so important to physicists? Because here it is possible to look out into space through a kind of funnel in the earth's magnetic field, and rockets could leave the earth through these funnels. Science is also proving a claim made in George Williamson's *Other Tongues Other Flesh* that the earth's magnetic field can be used as a "dust" to link with the opposite Pole; for instance, Byrd Station connects with a Canadian Station at Great Whale River. In this scientific atmosphere, it is very difficult to believe that a sensational discovery of "The Seven Cities of Antarctica" had been made but not communicated to the world, yet strange light effects called "white-outs" can turn a pilot's attention from matters he is not yet meant to see.

If man has lived underground and voyaged through the earth by tunnel, would there not be some memory of such events in folklore? Much strange evidence is given in the *British Edda,* with illustrations from Sumerian and Hittite seals, in Professor Wadell's book of that name. The seals come from the Middle East because it is the cradle of mythology, each country having adapted stories according to its own culture.

A Hittite rock sculpture shows a hideous snake-bodied Matriarch emerging from a cavern. Of her many names, we will call her El, the name Shaver chooses for the wise Elders, who, before the sun's radioactivity drove men underground, had achieved such command of matter-energy and time that they could shift the axis of the earth (see Haggard's *When the Earth Shook*). The Sybyl of the Edda speaks of El:

"I see her cellar stands
Far from the sunlight;
I see, under the cellar,
The horny ORM serpent."

The cavern entrances were carefully guarded by wolf tribe attendants. Another Hittite rock sculpture in Cappodacia shows creatures more bear-like than wolf-headed, standing upright with wings sprouting from their shoulders. One stands guard by a clearly-marked circu-

lar door carved as if with precision instruments. Sometimes, however, the cavern gate is latticed.

"Old is that latticed gate,
But few folk wit
How its latch is lock'd."

Here lived El and Wotan and their Son, Liki, the Fire God, drinking from a magic bowl through tubes. Note the spaceman-like appearance of the drinkers and the strange animal being speared and the webbed fingers of all.

One linguistic mystery here is that Eden is underground. The whole Edda is well worth study as it contains not only descriptions of life underground but also of aerial warfare. Unfortunately, even the best English translation is somewhat incoherent, due to the conciseness of ancient languages.

The peoples of Asia Minor believed Scorpion-men inhabited the mountains of the East and every morning they unfolded a great folding door in the mountainside and the Sun God Shamash set forth on his daily journey. He carries what looks like a weapon or, perhaps, a key. At evening, his chariot descends to the Mountain of the West, a gate opens and he penetrates the earth and, perhaps by tunnel, he returns to the Eastern Mountains. The Babylonian hero, Gilgamesh, penetrated the mountain. For hours he walked through darkness and then emerged into light and found a wonderful garden which lay beside a sea. More familiar is the myth of Adonis. He was born of a tree and his tree-mother put him in a coffer which she gave to Persephone who opened it and refused to give him up. All these complicated myths suggest a divine race lives underground and the human dead there could be reanimated; perhaps like Adonis, they are in suspended animation in coffers.

Is a race living underground, now, which may emerge? William Habington, a 17th century poet, speaking of conquerors, says:

From the farthest North,
Some nation may,
Yet undiscovered, issue forth,
And, o'er his new—got conquest sway
Some nation yet shut in
With hills of ice
May be let out to scourge his sinne
Till they shall equall him in vice.

(From OXFORD BOOK OF CHRISTIAN VERSE)

The Reality of Underground Man

Due respect is paid to H.G. Wells' vision of Underground Man in his novel, *The Time Machine*. In it is the fantastic Wellsian plan for 9,000 people to go underground, like moles, for years. The movie version of this novel suggests that the screenwriter and scenic designer knew something of Shaver's dero land. In the movie the time traveler finds himself entombed in his time machine, trapped by the debris of nuclear war. Eventually, the debris erodes itself, and, freed, he finds the human race divided into a blonde, flaccid slave race on the surface (the Eloi), and ape-like inner earth dwellers (the Morlocks). The idyllic, almost mindless life of the Eloi is interrupted intermittently by blasts from a horn, whereupon a vast elevator arises from the depths and the blondes flee into it to descend and become robot-like slaves of the Morlocks. When the Morlocks steal the hero's time machine, he descends a vertical shaft. The inner earth scenes and the Morlock's machinery remind one of the strange experience of a visitor to Malta's caves at Hal Saflini, who saw giant creatures beckoning to her from a terrace beneath the tunnel she was exploring.

A modern underground city may now be built beneath the limestone and granite of New York's Schoharie county. Professor Frederick Edmondson of Cornell University said of his detailed plan: "This is the insurance premium we shall have to take out on behalf of humanity. Unless the population were mentally conditioned to living underground, they could never stand the shock of facing spending all their lives there, once atomic war began. Just as America has buried books, microfilms and other examples of our civilization, so they now plan to bury a community alive. Noah took a cross-section of the animal world on his ark. This is just science bringing the ark up to date for mankind."

Government experts are confident Survival City could withstand megaton bombs, hydrogen bombs, self-targeting missiles, intense radioactivity and germ warfare, and they add the grim purpose: "It could exist for years after life was dead."

An obvious thought springs to mind: why build a special center when nature has provided her own caverns? Leland Lovelace in *Lost Mines and Hidden Treasure* says: "Two prospectors, several years ago, discovered a series of caves in the mountains of southwestern Nevada in which they found furniture of an immense size as built for giants

and dishes made of gold and some other metal apparently of an imperishable alloy, all having evidence of being undisturbed for countless centuries.

"It is possible the 'furniture' is made of rock as the result of some freak of nature, though the *Prose Edda* speaks of rock stools in the underworld.

In 1904 J.C. Brown discovered in the slopes of the Cascade Mountains (they include Mount Shasta) an ancient tunnel cut into solid rock and lined with tempered copper and hung with shields and wall pieces made of gold. Other rooms deeper in the tunnel contained similar objects, some carved with drawings and hieroglyphics comparable with Churchward's Lemurian art. The floors of these caves were strewn with the bones of giant humans.

As in most of these cases, the lucky explorer did nothing for a long time but anyone who has had a strange experience will know how difficult it is to do anything in a materialistic world. However, in 1934, when Brown tried to recover the treasure, he disappeared without a trace.

More recently, a married couple, while exploring the Casa Diablo area north of Bishop, California, came upon a circular hole in the ground about nine feet in diameter which exuded a sulfurous steam. A few feet from the surface, the shaft took a tangent course which was easily accessible. The plucky pair descended and found the oblique tunnel opened into a horizontal corridor with dripping walls, though now encrusted with minerals, that could only have been carved by human hands. The end of the short passage was blocked by a huge doorway of solid rock, which, however, would not yield. They shone their flashlight into a corner in which a delicately carved face was visible! While they gazed at it water began flooding into the cave from unseen ducts and they heard "music from another world." When they emerged, the water made the tunnel entrance look like a pool on the desert floor—a perfect camouflage.

Can we believe these stories? They come from a variety of sources and degrees of authority.

For example, an intelligence agent once told Ray Palmer of a cavern entrance in Brazil; another such agent told Palmer he had fought his way out of a dero cavern in Burma. Shaver claims F.B.I. men told him, "At least 25% of what you say is true."

A medium, Mr. South, of Brighton, England, who is controlled by

an interplanetary being named Orthon, told us in November, 1962: "The Russians found caves in the Urals. The State had them opened and machines were found. The sub-structure of the area was honeycombed with caves and the Russians are plunging a hole through the crust of the earth in Azerbaijan province, south of Georgia, between the Black Sea and the Caspian on the Southern border of Persia. They have found one stratum of tunnels but they will not discover those of the offspring of the Golden People." Orthon states: "The earth's underworld must be explored now, huge pumps should be installed and rivers surveyed for future drinking supplies."

A gentleman in Santa Monica, California, writes, "Cro-Magnon man knew of these caves." This is very difficult to swallow. He also says a tunnel runs from Rome to Malta. Here we are on firmer ground as it is not always remembered that the early Christians found the catacombs and did not excavate them themselves.

To return to natural caves: the hero of *Etidorpha*, "I am the Man," enters a cavern in Kentucky with a sightless guide. Serious students should study the style and the illustrations in this remarkable "fictional" work by John Uri Lloyd. The seriousness of it, though turgidly written by modern standards, suggests the author is describing something very real and the scientific knowledge, especially of nutritional matters, is astounding. Its map of the inner world is quite similar to the amazing map shown in the advertisements for Dr. Raymond Bernard's *The Hollow Earth.*

Are caverns being built today for evil purposes? Harold T. Wilkins in *Mysteries Solved and Unsolved* relates this horrible story: "In October, 1957, at Marsala on the west coast of Sicily, a white bird was found by a hunter of marsh wild duck with this message attached to its leg: 'Tell the world about the vile things done by the Russians. We, here, have been slaving for 13 years in these mines of the damned. We are in the Polar Arctic, Indian soldiers, now white slaves. Our guards have slit eyes. There were 300 of us but we die like flies.' "

Are There Polar Entrances to the Underground?

Fate Magazine, November, 1964, carried a full-page advertisement for a book, *The Hollow Earth*, by Dr. Raymond Bernard. This ad claimed that Admiral Byrd led a Navy team into an underground world through an entrance at the North pole. Here, beneath the crust of the Earth, lived a super race which wanted nothing to do with surface

man. They launched their flying saucers only after man threatened the world with the atomic bomb.

This is certainly not a new theory. Richard Ogden who claims to have entered the South Polar opening, says: "Dr. Edmund Halley believed in a hollow earth as well as the Swiss mathematician, Leonhardt Euder."

John Cleves Symes, born 1780, started a movement that led Rep. J. Johnson of Ohio to introduce a Bill in the U.S. Congress for a government financed polar expedition for the purpose of establishing trade and commerce with the people living in the interior of the earth! The Bill failed, but a backer of Symes, J.N. Reynolds, was able to convince two of President Quincy Adams' cabinet, The Secretaries of the Treasury and Navy, to sponsor a seaborne expedition to the Antarctic for the purpose of sailing into the earth's center. Work was halted on the project when President Adams was defeated in 1828. Later, in 1830, Reynolds tried to raise funds for an expedition under Captain Nathaniel B. Palmer. This was unsuccessful. These facts can be checked in *The Silent Continent* by Kearns and Britton (Harper and Bros., 1955.)

Edgar Rice Burroughs describes the opening in *Tarzan at the Earth's Core.* Tarzan asks for evidence of the existence of polar openings and is told: "Well, for example, warm winds and warm ocean currents coming FROM the north and encountered and reported by practically all arctic explorers; the presence of limbs and branches of trees with green foliage upon them floating southward. May not the Northern Lights be rays of light from the central sun of the inner world, breaking through the fog and clouds above the polar opening? Again there is the pollen, which often thickly covers the snow and ice in portions of the polar regions. And, in addition to all this is the insistence of the far-northern Eskimos that their forefathers came from a country to the North."

Tarzan asks the obvious question: why have not aeroplanes discovered the opening? The polar opening is so large, a plane could dip into it a short distance and return without being aware of the fact; but the most tenable theory is that, in most instances, explorers have merely followed around the outer rim of the orifice which would explain the peculiar and mystifying action of compasses and other scientific instruments at points near the so-called North Pole.

An expedition is formed to explore the inner world, Pellucidar. The plan had been to follow the Tenth Meridian and then the airship

took up her southerly course among the 170 East Meridian, looking for the opening at 85 N. latitude, 170 longitude, which they find about 300 miles south of 85. Unfortunately, the adventures in the inner world are rather dreary.

[**AUTHOR'S NOTE:** It is important to note that, while a work of fiction, the Tarzan and Pellucidar novels contained a healthy amount of references to scientific speculation of the time (the early 20th Century) about a Subterranean World in the hollow interior of the earth. It is clear that Burroughs had done extensive reading on the subject before incorporating this background material in his fantasy adventures. Burroughs died more than 40 years ago—none of his personal papers on the subject have as yet been released by his estate.]

Let us now return to Richard Ogden, a name we can use for the anonymous author of "An Amazing Story" published in the *Australian Saucer Record* of November, 1961. He claims: "There is an oasis in Antarctica which is the entrance to the cavern world. Yes, it is possible to sail into the interior of the earth."

We are all muddled by the countless theories concerning prehistory abroad. Ogden's is that, at the time of Atlantis and Lemuria, the polar regions were free of ice and were inhabited by giants. An explosion of the sun affected the earth and caused a shift in its axis and, thereby, a change of climates and land masses. Soon after this, the atmosphere was affected by radiation from the sun. Some left earth; others went underground. When the latter surfaced through entrances in the polar regions, the atmosphere was such that they lived, but succeeding generations evolved to smaller size. They forced their giant elders into the Inner Earth and they were held prisoners.

Despite the fact that a great deal of variance exists in the theories about the hollow earth, and in the folklores and mythologies of different peoples, I believe we can definitely conclude that the tradition of an inner world is universally very strong. Recent research by Shaver, Bernard and others tends to confirm, in a general way, those ideas passe down to us through the thousands of years of mankind's existence on this planet.

Open-minded students, in both the occult and physical sciences, can be encouraged by the amount of interest and research on this subject, evidenced very widely.

Yes, indeed, things are indeed looking DOWN!

Chapter Twenty: Underground Cities

AUTHOR'S NOTE: Many of the reports that we receive about the inner earth are fantastic and almost unbelievable. In this chapter, we print two such accounts. The first one was recently sent to us by an individual who claims no former knowledge of the Shaver Mystery. Several years ago this person, who requests that we identify him only as "V.J. Royal," began receiving strange messages at night which told him to leave his home and walk—with no destination given. At first Royal feared he was losing his mind. Soon, however, the words and the force with which they were spoken, began to overpower him, and his will was no longer his own. Here is his story:

• • •

I still shake to think of it...the shocking beauty fit only for gods to gaze upon. Yes, I have seen a heaven, a fantastic Utopia beyond your wildest dream. I have seen the unbelievable and ask myself, "Why?" For what reason have I been chosen as the one to behold this enigma beneath the earth's surface?

I find it difficult to write about. Each time I go back and picture what I saw, the awful beauty wrenches my mind away from reality. I have to mentally tear myself away from that indescribable scene. Is there a purpose to it all? Surely there must be. I cannot believe that "they" have no purpose or aim in permitting me this frightening "privilege"!

It began about a year ago. I am a fairly stable individual, not impulsive or nervous. So, when I began receiving strange, unearthly calls, and urges to "go" someplace, any place, I was filled with panic and fear. The strange calls were faint at first, but day by day, month by month, they grew progressively stronger. I began to have nightmarish

dreams of constantly running, traveling, moving, never stopping. Would the dreams never leave me? Night after night, I would wake up dripping wet and trembling and quivering with terror. Finally, one night, my will completely collapsed. I gave myself up to the urges!

I ran outside and fled wildly into the darkness. I live by myself on a small farm in the country; when I left, my direction of travel led into a dense wood near my house. This forest covers more than ten thousand acres, and is totally deserted and isolated. I fled recklessly without caution, crashing through thick brush and woods as fast as my legs could carry me. After more than 15 minutes of this crazed flight, I slowed. I had to, for my lungs felt as if they were on fire. My clothes, a thin pair of pajamas, were nearly torn from my body and I was a mass of bruises and scratches and ached all over; but I kept moving. I noticed my direction of travel was toward a large, rough, hilly area, about three or four miles from my farm. The urge prodded me on until I reached the area, and there I finally stopped. The panic left me; suddenly I was calm and at peace with myself. I knew that I was near my unknown destination.

I started walking again...slowly, up a long, dry creek bed. After about ten minutes I stopped again. I was in a ravine about thirty feet deep. It was there that I heard the word for the first time—"DERO"! The word began to echo over and over in my mind, tormenting me.

The word echoed so loud and distinct that I could hardly think! Then one of the sides of the ravine began to glow strangely—first a faint shimmering of multi-colored radiance and then whiter and brighter until I could see into the very earth! The flowing then diminished into a brilliant seething ring of incandescence, forming an almost circular "door," which led into a bright-lit cylindrical chamber. The call came again and I quickly entered. The chamber walls were seamless, perfectly slick and highly polished, and glowed with a dull iridescence pleasing to the eyes. The opening dimmed and vanished, leaving me in a featureless, tomb-like cylinder, trapped. I fought a momentary twinge of claustrophobia and waited. Abruptly, without warning or reason, I was weightless! I shoved against the floor and immediately rebounded toward the ceiling. There was no feeling of motion, but yet I got the eerie impression that I was plunging at great velocity into the depths of the Earth. Where was I going? What or who was doing this? Just as abruptly as my weight had left me it returned and I fell to the floor of the cylinder with a thump. Now what? The wall

Although not generally known, one of these mines—one of the deepest by the way—had caused much concern and controversy among the local populace. Shortly after it had been dug to its maximum depth, strange things began to happen. Miners working late at night in small groups of six to ten, began hearing noises, not rumbling or other natural mine noises but what some described as "strange music." It seemed to come from all around them, sometimes faint and sometimes distinct. Later, some said they heard "mumbling" and voices. This went on for several months but only the miners who had heard the noises were disturbed or concerned. Then more serious things began to happen. One of the men entered the mine late at night to check on some equipment, and when he finished and started to leave some "small men" grabbed him from behind, knocked his lamp from his hands and "shot" him with something that forced him violently against the mine wall, knocking him unconscious. In the morning, workers found him apparently none the worse for his experience physically, but quite shaken mentally. He said he would never again enter a mine and promptly dropped out of the occupation.

A few days later a miner on night watch disappeared. Investigators found his lamp and hat deep within the mine, but no trace of the miner. Soon lights and machinery began to fail or work erratically for no apparent reason. Men became hesitant to work the mine. Finally it was "condemned" and shut down.

This was the mine in which our Canadian friend was interested and wanted us to help investigate. Although spelunking is usually confined to exploration of naturally-formed caves, our curiosity was great enough to spur us on to such an unusual form of research.

We arrived in the mining town, which was near the Newfoundland–Quebec border, at 11:30 a.m. on March 22 and lodged at the local hotel. The next day we got our equipment together, loaded up our jeep and headed for the mine. At its entrance we were stopped by two policemen who warned us not to go inside. When we persisted, they threatened to arrest us. So we left, resolving to return on foot after dark.

At 1:30 a.m. we again set out for the mine. This time we bypassed the police and approached the mine from a different direction. We met no interference along the way and shortly arrived at the entrance.

While Rick Grayton (my American friend) stayed at the entrance as lookout, Don Lawrence (our Canadian friend) and I descended into the mine. It was in excellent shape and showed no signs of any deterio-

ration whatsoever—hardly the type of mine the government would condemn on its physical state alone.

We had just completed our preliminary investigation when we heard someone, apparently deep within the mine, shout in a high-pitched voice, "COME!" We stopped dead in our tracks, and walked in the general direction from where the voice seemed to originate. Then we heard somebody or something running. We lighted a flare but saw nothing. We continued and again heard the running. By this time we were getting far back in the mine, and also very curious and excited. The running sounds ceased abruptly and we saw a faint blue light radiate from a far recess: Then we heard what we thought was the clank of a metal door closing.

We quickly found the area from which we saw the light radiating, but no door or opening could be found. However, upon tapping the walls with my pick-hammer, we heard hollow metallic reports at several places.

After we had localized the hollow sounding area we marked it off by chiseling off pieces of rock and found that it was generally rectangular in shape, almost five feet in height and about two feet wide. Since we could investigate no further with the equipment in hand, we decided to come back the following night and continue our investigation.

Returning the following night, all three of us entered the mine. Very much to our surprise, the chisel marks were gone! It took us several minutes to find the hollow area again, but we finally did; and this time we had come prepared. Using a battery-powered rock drill, we penetrated about three inches into the rock when we struck metal. We withdrew it and substituted a bit designed to drill into metal. Eventually, we breached the metal and, withdrawing the drill, we again saw the soft blue light shining as before. Suddenly we heard a low humming noise and were startled to see the section of the wall we were working on abruptly lift out of sight. It would be an understatement to say we were frightened.

What lay before us was incomprehensible: a blue-lighted corridor which appeared to be made of some sort of translucent, seamless, self-illuminating, blue-colored metal or plastic. At first we were very apprehensive about investigating this enigmatic hallway. Our curiosity soon overcame our fear, however, and we entered the corridor. We had to stoop, for the hallway was only about five feet in height. After walking about 50 yards we came to another corridor leading off to our left and

decided to explore it. We reached the end of the corridor after walking about 100 yards. There we encountered a steep, spiralling stairway. We descended it for at least twenty minutes, all the while noting that the lighting was becoming more brilliant. Finally we reached the bottom and were confronted with yet another corridor, this one light green in color.

After a brief rest we set off down that corridor. It was only about 100 feet long, and we traversed it quickly. To the right and left were oval entrances. Making a quick decision, we decided to enter the one on the right, and noticed immediately that it was cylindrical-shaped and much larger than the previous passageways. It contained a floor on the same level as the previous ones. We also noted that this passage was evidently made of some crystalline substance, and that a bright, but soft white light emanated from it. It curved downward at a slight angle.

We next came to a huge chamber which appeared to be some type of scientific laboratory and hydroponic garden. In one section were rows of giant exotic plants and in another some type of chemistry equipment. Lining the walls of this laboratory were arrays of multi-sized TV screens, dials, gauges, and other electronic equipment. Some of the screens were at least 10 feet square. In the center section was a great mass of scintillating vari-colored crystal; it had a rough, natural exterior and apparently performed some unknown function. The rest of the chamber contained many other strange devices and apparatus that none of us could identify. The entire ceiling was one great light. At its far end stood something that looked like a car lift, with a disc-shaped metal object resting on it. We decided to take a closer look at it.

Fortunately the lift was only about two feet off the floor and we got a good look at the object. It was circular in shape, about 35 feet in diameter and four feet in thickness. Suddenly Don exclaimed, "It's a Flying Saucer!" We both agreed—we had indeed found a "UFO." Rick stepped up on the lift to take a more detailed look at the saucer. He tapped on it lightly with his hammer and parts of it sounded hollow. Immediately after he tapped on one certain spot, an entire section of its shell dematerialized. This took Rick totally by surprise and he almost fell off the lift platform. About one half of the inner mechanism was revealed to us, and again we could not find a single piece of equipment with which we were familiar. The only thing we could surmise was that the object was a remotely controlled device since there was no space provided for passengers that we could see. Rick jumped down

from the lift and we continued our investigation of the laboratory.

Abruptly the lift was activated and began to drop to the floor, and at the same time the lighting in the chamber changed from a soft white to a deep red. In short order the screen directly above and to the right of us flashed on. Due to the unnatural lighting we could not make out the image on the screen. Then we heard a voice from the screen.

It said (in a high-pitched voice): "You have been expected. You have been observed since first you entered our domain. You gaze upon the upper regions of our world. You are the first of your kind to be permitted this privilege. Let it be known this truth—we harbor you no ill will; we depend not upon your superficial world for our sustenance or pleasure. Those of your kind who make themselves the interpreters of our intentions are naught but the picayunish deceivers of your civilization. Let it again be said that we desire man no harm and wish only to pursue our independent existence on this our mutual planet. We shall not influence nor bring to you discord in any medium. We are not doers of evil. Our world spans the inner gulf of your globe; we have existed since before your time. Had we wished harm upon you we also would have been its deceivers. We beg you a friendly farewell and hope our message will be heeded and find wide acceptance among those of your kind who find it necessary to concern themselves with our domain."

The screen then faded, without our having seen a clearly defined image of the person who had spoken. Luckily, Don had quickly written in his notebook what the voice had said to us.

The red lighting in the chamber suddenly became even deeper in tint and all of us felt light-headed. Rick shouted he was going to faint and started to fall, but we caught him. Then we too had the same feeling and blacked out.

When we regained consciousness we found ourselves lying outside the mine entrance. We still retained our personal effects: notebooks, pencils, wallets, etc.; but all of our equipment, such as safety hats, pick-hammers and chisels, and our Geiger counter, had disappeared.

After returning to the States, Don found all the pages in his notebook "burned" or charred, as though it had been thrown into a roaring fire. The notebook cover, however, which was made of plastic, was surprisingly undamaged. All of us had worn wrist watches with radium dials. Some weeks later the radium became inactive and the dials no longer glowed in the dark.

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Further investigation by Arnold White filled in a few more details. The police reported they found the three young men outside the mine, wandering in a dazed condition. They took them to the local police station and questioned them at some length. They related essentially the same story that has appeared above.

The police would not comment as to whether they believed the story or not; however, the earlier incidents which had led to the closing of the mine probably returned to their minds as they heard the account.

A person who lived near the mine told White that immediately after the incident related above, police put a round-the-clock guard at the entrance, and that a few days later the entrance was dynamited and closed.

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